£500 FOR TEN WINNING LINES

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

A clever Professor of Ware
Was giving a lecture on air;
But, alack and alas!
He turned on the wrong gas

See first page inside.

No. 923.] Postage One Penny. Registered for Transmission to Canada. WEEK ENDING MARCH 26, 1908. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

What people say about

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

"Much surpassing the common praise it bears."

300 Guineas! 300 Guineas!

LIPTONS

offer the following prizes [illegible] in the largest number of wrappers taken from packets of LIPTONS Tea. The wrappers may be from ¼-lb., ½-lb., or 1-lb. packets. The ¼-lb. wrapper will [illegible] will count two, and 1-lb. wrapper will count four.

1st PRIZE, 100 GUINEAS. 2nd PRIZE, 50 GUINEAS.

100 PRIZES, ONE GUINEA EACH

will be awarded to the competitors sending in the largest number of LIPTON Tea wrappers on April 14th next. The awards will be announced and cheques sent to the successful competitors on [illegible], and the judge's decision must be accepted as final.

To small consumers who think themselves unable to save a sufficiently large number of wrappers to win one of the above prizes

A SPECIAL PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS

will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the largest number of LIPTON wrappers collected from friends and acquaintances, with the names and addresses of the people from whom these wrappers have been obtained. If you think you [illegible] a number of LIPTON wrappers large enough to win the First Prize, compete for this SPECIAL PRIZE. Ask a friend to buy a packet of Liptons Tea and give you the wrapper. The names and addresses must be written on sheets of foolscap in the handwriting of the people from whom the wrappers are obtained, and the number of wrappers enclosed must be written clearly on top left-hand corner of the first sheet.

Please observe carefully the following simple conditions:

1. On April 14th send your wrappers, in one parcel, to LIPTONS Wrapper Competition, 80 Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.
2. Name and address, and number of wrappers sent must be clearly written on paper, and enclosed in the parcel.
3. Wrappers intended for the special prize must have the words "Special Prize" written in the left hand top corner of the parcel, and names and addresses of the people from whom wrappers have been obtained—written by themselves on sheets of foolscap provided by the competitor—must be enclosed in same parcel.

LIPTONS, GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

CITY ROAD, LONDON. 25,000 Branches and Agents all over the Globe.

Where there are Children —

Wash your children with Nubolic Soap and safeguard them from infection
(You save the cost of doctors' bills also)
Nubolic Soap freely used throughout the home helps to keep both health and purity in and disease-germs out.
Save money, save time, and save worry by using—

NUBOLIC SOAP

Nubolic is packed in full lbs. (16 ozs.) 3½d. ¾ lbs. (12 ozs.) 3d. and ½ lbs. (8 ozs.) 2d.

Jos. Watson & Sons Ltd. absolutely refuse to pack any of their soaps in "odd-weight" tablets.

SAVE NUBOLIC SOAP WRAPPERS for Watson's 1904 Competition. PRIZES VALUE £150,000. Full particulars will shortly be announced.

Jos. Watson & Sons Ltd., Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds.

EVERY MAN

R. B. NORTON, ... CHARTERHOUSE LANE, LONDON.

When Writing to Advertisers please Mention PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

JU-VIS

You simply drop a 1d. tablet of Ju-Vis into a breakfast cup of boiling water to make a most wholesome, delicious

BEEF TEA

improved by valuable vegetable additions. Tablets sold in 1d., 3½d., and 10½d. sizes.

A Breakfast CUP 1d

Fluid Ju-Vis ... for its delicate flavour ... the usual Fluid Extracts.

... 1/9.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Gentlemen's ... from 4/11 per doz. ... 35/6 per ½ doz. ...

... Donegall Place, Belfast.

O'Brien's

LADIES ... BLANCHARD'S PILLS ... LESLIE MARTYN Ltd., Chemists, ... LANE, LONDON.

A BUSY TIME ... POST FREE

The vast number of applications ... H. SAMUEL'S

MAGNIFICENT WATCH AND JEWEL ALBUM

... testimony to its wonderful value to buyers, ... are made independent ... ordinary retail ... and enjoy advantages ... by any other means

IS YOUR APPLICATION ON ITS WAY?

... and get ... book ... illustrations ... wide and beautiful ...

Free Prizes for all Buyers

The "ACME" SILVER LEVER 25/-

H. SAMUEL, ... Street, MANCHESTER.

Fully Guaranteed.

Ingersoll CROWN 5/- Watch

... ABSOLUTE ACCURACY ...

Beauty of the Bust

... Mrs A. C. WINDSOR, 57, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding ... Try it. You will be delighted.

HAVE YOU A COLD? DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING-BOTTLE

Immediately Cures COLD IN THE HEAD, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, or HAY FEVER. Instantly relieves Neuralgia in the Head, Faintness and Dizziness. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price One Shilling, or Post free 14 Stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading.

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

A 1d. packet makes 15 delicious light buns with certain success, Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

Real Devonshire Cream ...

To Smokers

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE, SIR: IT IS TWICE AS GOOD.

AC

BEST & PUREST.

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

OZERINE CURES FITS

... the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness ... when everything else has failed. In all ... every case fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now ... all parts of the world. ... Test it free of charge ... I will send you a ... So certain am I of its ... bottle, post free ... I. W. Nicholl, Pharmaceutical Chemist ... (Dept. D), ... High Street, Belfast.

BOON TO MEN

... Weaknesses ... Varicocele, ... for Treating ... Hundreds of ... No Electricity ... sealed free. ... 7 Southampton Row ... London, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. ... "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. ...

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT ...

PHOTO POST-CARDS ...

BLANCHARD'S PILLS ...

ASTROLOGY ...

EASTER WEDDINGS. A CHARMING PRESENT. SEMI-PORCELAIN WHITE WARE ...

BOON TO WEAK MEN ...

HAND DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS ...

RHEUMATISM ...

PICTURE POST-CARDS ...

MAKE MONEY ...

LADIES ...

ASTROLOGY ...

INSURANCE ...

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 923. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 26, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

£500 FOR TEN WINNING LINES

AND £355 IN CONSOLATION GIFTS.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 41.

THIS week the new condition by which the distribution of our awards is regulated comes into operation. The amount available is **£855**. Of this sum we allocate **£500** to the senders of the ten lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor as the best and most original, so that **£50** goes to each winning line. The remainder, **£355**, is distributed in Consolation Gifts amongst other competitors, whose efforts show merit, but who do not receive one of the large awards.

Competitors are reminded of the arrangement by which *The Big Budget* also publishes details of our contests. Those who are unable to obtain another copy of *Pearson's Weekly* may secure an entry form by purchasing the current number of *The Big Budget*.

The unfinished Limerick was as follows:

"What means this confusion?" asked Ted,
"In the hall are six chairs and a bed!"
Cried his wife with much glee:
I'm Spring-cleaning you see

The last lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor, together with the names and addresses of the senders, are as follows:

"Hope the 'better half's' finished," he said.
REV. DR. C. HORNE, 21 Everton Terrace, Dublin.

"A 'distress,' without 'warrant,'" he said.
H. HARDING, Ravenslea, Sutton Road, Mitcham.

—Now the house is done up—so is Ted!
MISS M. A. WRIGHT, School House, Billingshurst.

"Friends will now find me out," he then said.
J. MCBEAN, 1,216 Springburn Rd., Springburn, Glasgow.

—Then his face commenced working, 'tis said.
A. J. MACHUGH, 853 Old Kent Road, S.E.

—You can camp out, or cave in," she said.
MRS. BLOOD, Albert House, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.

—Now his board coincides with his bed.
P. L. GODDARD, 67 and 68 Cheapside, London, E.C.

"Let sleeping germs lie, dear," he said.
Prize divided by:
H. T. JONES, 14 Tyne Road, Bishopston, Bristol; and
J. FLINT, 10 Hollingbury Park Avenue, Brighton.

"Well, the 'hall' is a 'study,'" he said.
MISS A. MONTROSE, 8 South Terrace, Cork, Ireland.

"Don't put suites before entrées," growled Ted.
MISS L. KERSHAW, 210 Longsight, near Oldham.

6 CONSOLATION GIFTS OF £5 EACH.

GILBERT, E., 112 West End Lane, London.
SALES, E., 29 Eversley Rd., Charlton, Kent.
SMITH, U. J., 96 Grosvenor Rd., Jesmond, Newcastle.
TOMLINSON, W., 2 Redcliffe Hill, Bristol.
WILLIAMS, A. O., 345 Thorold Rd., Ilford, Essex.
WOOLACOTT, G. V., 18 Norfolk Sq., Paddington, W.

List of 325 Recipients of £1 Consolation Gifts will be found on Page Three of Cover.

He turned on the wrong gas.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a **postal order for sixpence**, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. ☞ Mark your envelope "Air" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, March 26th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number should be written in the space provided below. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

All the money received (less ten per cent.) will be divided amongst the senders of the lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize awarded to such a line will be divided equally amongst all competitors who send in that line.

Claims in respect of identical lines in Competition No. 41 must be made on or before Tuesday, April 14th.

The winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the EDITOR of "P.W.,"

who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

ENTRY FORM. **LIMERICK No. 44.**

A clever Professor of Ware
Was giving a lecture on air;
But, alack and alas!
He turned on the wrong gas

_____

_____

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

BOMBSHELLS ON PAPER.

NOT nearly so much bother has been created by the Kaiser's recent epistolatory bombshell as was aroused in 1875 by Queen Victoria's well-meant but ill-advised letter to the old Emperor William anent the war scare originated by M. de Blowitz, the then correspondent of the TIMES, in Paris.

De Blowitz had become possessed of private information, which he, rightly or wrongly, believed to point to an immediate and unprovoked armed attack on France by Germany. He divulged the secret to a high court official at Windsor, who at once told the Queen, and she wrote off post-haste to Berlin a letter of protest pretty strongly worded.

The result was that Her Majesty, with the best intentions in the world, came very near to precipitating the catastrophe she was trying to avert; for the German people were furious at the interference.

Long prior to this, the same gentle-minded Sovereign managed to set two sections of the English public by the ears, again by means of a letter, and also again, curiously enough, in connection with the TIMES. Mr. Delane, the then editor of that journal, had been bitterly attacking Germany. The Queen wrote to Lord Palmerston, ordering him to request Mr. Delane to desist. This, as in duty bound, Lord Palmerston did. But the result was disastrous, and quite other than what Her Majesty desired.

That is the worst of these Royal espistolatory bombshells. They almost invariably damage the cause they attempt to help along. There can be no doubt, for example, that the private letter sent to Queen Victoria by the King of Prussia in 1847, asking her to help him in bringing about German unity, which was either accidentally or purposely made public, delayed that event for an entire generation.

ON THE MIGHTY DEEP.

THE great ocean liner rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling," was Henry's fervent answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.

"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"

"WHAT did you think of that girl at her coming-out party?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I thought she'd better go back!"

"CHARLEY, dear," said Mrs. Torkins, "I wish you would save up your money and buy a yacht!"

"What for?"

"We need so many things for the table. And winning races seems such an easy way to get silver cups and things."

A CONSIDERATE GIRL.

"WHY have you and Miss Gadthwaite broken off your engagement?"

"Because she loves me so."

"That's a queer reason."

"Not at all. She believes in fortune-telling, and when she went to have her fortune told not long ago, she was informed that she would be married three times. That settled my case, for the time being, at least. She said she was determined that I should not encounter the danger of being the first on the list."

STILL-BORN MAIDEN SPEECHES.

THE case of Mr. H. Walker, M.P. for the Melton division of Leicestershire, who was so overcome by stage-fright the other day while attempting to deliver his maiden speech, that he had to altogether discontinue speaking, has been many times paralleled in the past.

Thus, Mr. White, in his "Inner Life of the House of Commons," mentions the case of an Irish member who, on rising to address the House for the first time, was unable to ejaculate a single word. He, nevertheless, remained on his feet several minutes, all the while gesticulating freely, as if emphasising the points of his address, yet without uttering a sound.

Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech was delivered in so halting and indistinct a voice, due, as he afterwards confessed, to stage-fright, that no single word of what he was saying reached the Press gallery, and it was consequently not reported.

Disraeli, on his first attempt to address the House, was alternately laughed and howled down, as was also Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Both Steele and Addison, too, underwent a similar humiliating experience. Lord Roberts had to read practically the whole of his maiden speech in the House of Lords, having quite lost the thread of it, through nervousness, ere he had been speaking more than a minute or so.

Of a certain Earl of Rochester, it is related that he began his maiden speech with the words: "I divide my discourse into four branches."

Then he stopped short, coloured, stammered, and, after an embarrassing pause of some seconds' duration, burst forth as follows: "Sirs, this is my first attempt to address this Honourable House, and if ever I make another, you may cut me off, branches, and roots, and all." And, with that, he resumed his seat

Britain's Coming Cities.

Foundations Laid in Wild Wastes.

ALL through history the great motive in deciding the situation of cities has been the wish for power in some form or another. There is scarcely an Old World capital which does not owe its existence where it stands to the desire to command some road, waterway, or harbour, or to subdue the adjacent country by establishing a fortress on a dominating point. The most fertile existing sources of mechanical power are coal and electricity. Without coal Glasgow would still be a sleepy Clydeside burgh, Cardiff a creek for coasting craft, and Middlesbrough, with its 100,000 population, would be represented by a few scattered farm dwellings. Yet little more than a generation ago anyone foretelling the enormous development of these places would have been set down as crazy.

What coal has already done it may do again, though its driving force as a town founder is decreasing. But there are at least two areas where it is likely once more to turn pastures into pavements. One of these is in South-East England; the other in North-East Ireland.

COLLIERY TOWNS IN KENT.

In the first the development of the already proven Kentish coalfields will almost certainly lead to the establishment of densely-peopled industrial centres where hop-growing now furnishes spasmodic employment, and transpose derelict harbours, such as Whitstable and Sandwich, into bustling modern ports. Beyond that it is now fairly assured that the coal belt stretches from Kent diagonally across England to Staffordshire.

If and when it proves workable, a line of great mining towns will spring up along its course, where now there are only great parks, spreading fields, and a few somnolent hamlets.

The second area referred to is in County Antrim, between the northern shore of Belfast Lough and the wild coast where the Giant's Causeway overlooks the swirling waters of the North Channel. Save for a coast fringe it has hitherto been a picturesque but desolate district, where a few sheep and cattle grazed. But coal in enormous quantities has recently been located underneath it, and not only coal, but iron, lime, bauxite—from which aluminium is extracted—fireclay of exceptional quality, and that extremely valuable, so-called "china" clay.

Already a large population has been attracted to the coal shafts that are being sunk, the blast furnaces being erected, the clay pits being opened, and the brickworks and fireclay factories being developed. Already, also, the bauxite workings furnish the world with a large proportion of the new white metal.

Presently the Antrim uplands will be dotted with towns; there may grow up on their wastes a city to rival Sheffield or Birmingham.

ELECTRICITY FROM LAKES.

Electricity, however, is nowadays doing more than coal to found new populous places. At present the most remarkable developments in this connection are taking place in the Scottish Highlands.

Until this century began the country supported only sheep and deer, with a few shepherds and keepers; it was the last place in the land where one might imagine a city could come. But for several years past thousands of men have been employed, and millions of money are being spent in order to gather the mountain streams into one tremendous torrent, which will plunge close upon 1,000 feet almost sheer down to the edge of Loch Leven.

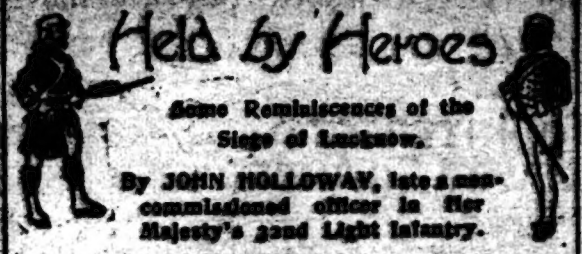
The great fall will, through turbines and dynamos, furnish power for the gigantic factories likely to spring up in the neighbourhood, and already there are shrewd men who have invested largely in land within the birch and heather-covered area where the new city and port may be expected to grow up. They will differ from all others at present existing in the kingdom, for there will be no smoke there.

Somewhat further south in Argyllshire there is a prospect of electricity establishing another huge manufacturing centre in a district meantime devoted to deer, grouse, and salmon.

In Wales, too, on the flanks of Snowdon, a great electric scheme is in progress to harness the outflow from Lake Llydaw, 1,400 feet high, to furnish power to the numerous slate quarries of the district. Ultimately it also may be able to supply other industries, and in that case we shall see populous towns there.

There are coming cities which will owe their being neither to coal nor electricity. One of these is that likely to follow the establishment of the new naval base near Rosyth, just above the Forth Bridge.

Held by Heroes



Some Reminiscences of the Siege of Lucknow.

By JOHN HOLLOWAY, late a non-commissioned officer in Her Majesty's 32nd Light Infantry.

[In view of the interest that is being taken in the survivors of the Mutiny and other glorious campaigns, the following article by one of the veterans is particularly timely.]

How well I recall that May night in '57, when a sudden outbreak of firing mingled with the quick rattle of drums and the clear warning note of a bugle brought us hurriedly from our tents with our rifles in our hands. We knew that the moment which we had been feverishly awaiting for weeks had at last arrived. The Sepoys were in revolt.

I remember how, in the early morning light, the colonel of one of the mutinous regiments rode up to the spot where our guns were thundering back the rebels' murderous fire, and asked that they should be silenced for a moment, while he advanced and made an appeal to his men. No argument or entreaty could turn him from his purpose. He seemed to feel the faithlessness of his regiment, as though it were a stain upon his own honour.

After riding forward into the hottest of the fire, he reined up his horse, and attempted to make himself heard. A volley of musketry repaid his gallant, if quixotic exploit, and he dropped lifeless to the ground. He had chosen to fall by the hands of his own men rather than survive their disgrace.

At first, in addition to the Residency, we endeavoured to hold an old Palace called the Muchee Bhawn, which was situated at some little distance. Sir Henry Lawrence, our gallant commander, soon realised, however, that this was quite impossible with the few troops at his command. Accordingly, one night the garrison was quietly and quickly withdrawn, and the Muchee Bhawn blown up sky high with a roar that shook the city.

One soldier, I remember, had a marvellous escape from death at the time of the explosion. He had been drinking freely during the previous day, and had lain down in a nice quiet spot to sleep off the effects of his debauch. Not knowing he was there his comrades fired the mine and marched off without him. By an extraordinary coincidence, when the place blew up, the spot where he was lying remained untouched. Somewhat abruptly awakened he staggered to his feet, and, as soon as he could collect his scattered wits sufficiently, hurried off to the Residency.

He succeeded in reaching it safely, and after telling the story of his astounding adventure, received a severe reprimand from his captain for getting drunk.

How vividly I recollect that welcome morning when at last we heard the distant thunder of Havelock's guns, and knew that relief was at hand. There was no stopping these grim, hard-bitten Highlanders, thirsting to avenge the murdered women and children of Cawnpore, and step by step the Sepoy army was driven back into the city.

Here took place some of the fiercest fighting of the Mutiny. The rebels had planted cannon in all the principal streets, and swept the roads along which our men had to advance with showers of grape fire.

At last young Havelock, the son of the General, followed by a few volunteers, crept up a shallow ditch alongside the road, until he was almost level with one of these guns. Waiting until the next discharge the little band leaped out from their hiding place, and rushed the gunners before they could again load.

It was an heroic action, worthy of Havelock's son.

Assailed by a furious musketry fire on every side, the relief force steadily fought its way through the streets to the Residency. Several stragglers were lost in that desperate advance, most of them, alas, disappearing never to be seen again.

I remember one gallant Irishman, however, who turned up the next morning as cheerful as a sandboy, to the great delight of his companions, who were mourning him as dead. It appears that, being stranded in the darkness, he had abandoned all thoughts of reaching the Residency on the previous evening, and had taken refuge in the top story of an empty house. Next morning, looking down into the courtyard, he saw a dozen Sepoys below.

"Oi waited," said Pat, in telling us the story, "until Oi began to get a bit impatient loike, and then, loadin' me old friend here (he tapped his rifle), Oi plugged one of the haythen slap through his ugly mug. That made the rest of 'em jump a bit, as you can picture. Oi then flung two or three large earthenware pots at 'em, and shouted out, 'Come along, now, boys! Here they are,' just as if Oi had the ridgment wid me. That froightened 'em, so they turned tail. Oi made tracks for the Residency, and here Oi am!"

I will bring my reminiscence to a close with this true little narrative, which illustrates better than any words of mine the pluck which animated our soldiers.

John Holloway

I Give and Bequeath the Crown Jewels.

When your Will isn't your Will.

IT was recently decided by a judge of the land that nobody has a right to make a will leaving money on condition that his heir should forfeit everything if he ever entered the Army or Navy. The judge declared that it is illegal for anyone to do anything to prevent a man from serving his King and country, and a will that stipulates for the doing of something illegal is no will at all.

There are many peculiar details in connection with wills.

Wills are a comparatively modern luxury. At one time a worthy householder had no occasion to avail himself of the services of a solicitor. It was sufficient for all practical purposes if, when he felt his end approaching, he sat up in bed and clearly stated by word of mouth and before two reputable witnesses what he wished to be done with his personal possessions. The witnesses were expected to see that his desires were duly carried into effect.

Later on, if a man wrote his will entirely in his own handwriting, there was no necessity for him to bother about signing it, much less getting it witnessed. It was a valid document without these formalities.

WITNESSES ARE ESSENTIAL.

Afterwards it was deemed desirable that it should be signed. For a long time subsequently, however, witnesses were still considered superfluous, provided that the body of the will was in the testator's handwriting. Now, of course, witnesses are essential. There must be at least two, who must see the will properly executed. But any man making his will can have as many witnesses above two as he likes, if he thinks them necessary. In the case of a soldier or a sailor in the Navy on active service, the law does not require so much formality as from a mere civilian safe and snug at home. If by word of mouth only, it is valid as regards personal property if it can be proved by witnesses.

A will written in shorthand, and duly signed and witnessed, has been held to be valid. A will may be written on anything, from a postcard to a portion of a tree-stump, provided it is legible and in proper form.

A man's will is nowadays revoked or annulled if he gets married after making it. At one time his will was revoked, not only when he got married, but whenever a new baby arrived in the family. This was in order that each new arrival should have fair play, and be given at least a chance of being mentioned in his or her father's final dispositions.

There was no such thing at one time as the rich but stern parent cutting off the erring prodigal son without a shilling. All that the enraged parent could do was to leave the black sheep less than other members of the family.

In the days of Henry VIII. a man had no right to dispose of his personal property—that is, his money and movables—just as he pleased. If he left a widow and children, half of his property, at least, had to be divided among them, no matter whether he liked it or not. If he left a widow only, or only children, then the widow or the children had a right to a third of his goods.

IF THE WILL READ SENSIBLY.

This rule of a wife and children having an inalienable right to a portion of whatever a husband and father leaves behind him still holds good in Scotland, but it is no longer the law in England.

It has been laid down in a court of law that a will made by a man who is drunk must hold good, provided that the will reads sensibly, and that the inebriated party knew what he was about at the time, and that two good witnesses can swear he knew.

Consequently, if a gentleman the worse for liquid refreshment bequeathed all his property to a home for lost cats, the fortunate pussies would have a good prospect of benefiting. It should not be necessary to add, however, that if a testator disposed of the Crown jewels, under the hazy but innocent impression that they were his personal goods and chattels, the bequest would be null and void.

It used to be rather common for men to make wills leaving their money not to their own children, but to people who were to be born a hundred, or even two hundred, years after them. Their object was to produce enormous fortunes. It is obvious that if even a modest sum were safely invested and allowed to accumulate at compound interest for a long, indefinite period, it was certain to grow into a vast sum at last.

Now nobody can make a will leaving money to accumulate for more than twenty-one years after his or her death.

What Worth doesn't know about clothes isn't worth knowing. Read "Woman and Dress" in the April ROYAL MAGAZINE.

"BLURRED LIGHTS."—NO. XVII. Continued.

The Arsenic Fiend.

By DICK DONOVAN.

MARY ANN ROBSON was born in a northern colliery village in 1839. Though not beautiful, she was attractive, and had jet black hair. She married William Mowbray, and he and their four children mysteriously died. She then became acquainted with Joseph Nattrass, and he might have unexpectedly succumbed had he not married another woman. Her next appearance was as nurse in Sunderland Infirmary, where she married a patient named George Ward. He also succumbed, and Mary had the audacity to charge the doctor who attended him with neglect. Her next marriage was with James Robinson, a widower with four children, all of whom died. The child of this last marriage, too, died in a mysterious manner. Robinson turned her out of doors, and after duping a sailor and appropriating his belongings, she obtained a position as housekeeper to a Spennymoor doctor, who eventually discovered her thieving propensities, and discharged her.

ONCE MORE ON MARRIAGE BENT.

MARY now turned her thoughts once more to matrimony. She had buried two husbands, and all her own, and all her step-children, and she had a husband living, but that fact was a mere trifling detail to such a resourceful person as Mary Ann Mowbray—as she continued to call herself—for as Mrs. Robinson she might have found her way beset with thorns.

After leaving Dr. Hefferman's house, she evidently kept on the move for some weeks, going from town to town, and village to village, and as soon as we are able to locate her once more, we find her in the little Northumberland town of Walbottle, where there are several coal-pits. She seems to have had a perfect passion for pit villages. She had ascertained that in this place a woman resided, whom she had known many years before, and she went to renew acquaintance.

Of course, there were mutual greetings, and many questions asked. Mrs. Mary Ann Mowbray had much to tell her friend. The friend was a married woman with a family, but the visitor was "a lone widow," who, as she related with many tears and groans, had buried all her dear children. She had been keeping house for a long time for a sea captain, but he, "poor dear," had recently died, leaving her a few pounds, and she was wondering what she could do. It was so terrible for a woman to be alone in the world.

Of course, the quondam friend was much touched by this pathetic recital, and she agreed that childless widowhood was not a desirable state for a well-preserved woman in her prime. Now, it happened—things were always happening in the lone widow's favour—that in the sequestered village of Walbottle there was a praiseworthy young widower with two children; his name was Frederick Cotton, and, like most pitmen, Frederick had married young and soon had a family. But a family of young children was not an obstacle so far as the lone widow was concerned. The dear little ones could be insured, and if perchance any of them should die of gastric fever, the insurance money would, to some extent, console the sorrowing parents for their loss.

Mary Ann did not tell her friend this, but, no doubt, something like it passed through her mind. The result was the friend brought the "widow" and widower together, and in an incredibly short time after the introduction, Cotton had asked Mrs. Mary Ann "Mowbray" to act as his housekeeper. It is clear from this that the wretched woman's statements about herself were implicitly believed by the humble folk of the pit village.

CLEVER BUT CARELESS.

It did not take her long to make up her mind. Of course, she would be delighted to act as a housekeeper, and would do her best to make Mr. Cotton and his family comfortable. Let it be borne in mind that this was somewhere about July of 1870. She had left Dr. Hefferman's employment in disgrace the preceding month, so that she did not allow the grass to grow under her feet, as the homely phrase runs, and the plot of the strange story now rapidly developed to its final stages.

Step by step in sequential order I have traced the woman's career up to this point as clearly as it can be traced. Of course, there are many gaps, and it is impossible to fill them in after this lapse of time. But no one who has followed the narrative so far can be in any doubt as to the woman's criminal nature, though it does not appear as if she had come under a shadow of suspicion, so far as the murders were concerned.

It seems almost incredible that the numerous deaths in her family had not led to an investigation, and the inference is that either she was exceptionally clever, or those about her, including the medical men, who attended the cases, were exceptionally dense.

That she was clever in a certain way is indisputable; but, like all criminals who enjoy an immunity for a time from detection, she became careless.

Had she been less grasping, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that she might have escaped detection altogether. But her sordid nature led to her undoing. In June of 1870 she had been discharged from her employment as a detected thief; she had escaped punishment, owing to the reluctance of Dr. Hefferman to subject himself to the worry and trouble of prosecuting her. Morally, he was bound to do so, and had he done so the story might have been different; but he was a busy and good-hearted man, and was content to bear his loss rather than suffer further loss by devoting his valuable time to bringing the culprit to justice, and so within a restricted area Mary Ann was enabled to pursue her wicked career, and mingle with honest people as one of them.

In October of 1870 she took another step on the downward path that was to rapidly lead her to a shameful end, by contracting a bigamous marriage with Frederick Cotton.

They were married at St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the same church in which she had been married to her first husband. She described herself as a widow, and gave her name as Mary Ann Mowbray; and yet in the neighbouring town of Sunderland her husband, James Robinson, was still living.

After a very short honeymoon they went back to Walbottle, and the doomed man, for doomed he was, resumed his employment, and about four months later his so-called wife gave birth to a son, presumably his. Anyway, it was christened "Robert Robson Cotton."

For some reason that does not seem to me very clear, Mary Ann Cotton, as she must now be called, for in that name she was tried and convicted, did not get on well with her Walbottle neighbours, and there were such strong manifestations of unneighbourly feeling that she persuaded Cotton to remove. He consented to do this, and in the course of a few weeks we find the Cotton family settled in Bishop Auckland. They numbered at this time five persons, namely, Mary Ann; Frederick Cotton, the husband; his son Frederick, aged ten years; Charles Edward, aged about eight; and the infant, Robert Robson, aged a few months.

TAKEN ILL IN THE PIT.

Every one of these persons was doomed. Mary Ann had resolved to murder her husband, her two step-children, and her own child, and she herself was nearing the end of her infamous career. Cotton obtained employment at the Tinedale Colliery, and Mary Ann lost no time in insuring the lives of the children.

And now a curious thing happened. She met Joseph Nattrass again. It will be remembered that she first made his acquaintance when they resided in Seaham Harbour; but at that time the young fellow was proof against her fatal spell, and married a Miss Mary Thubron. His wife died, however, soon after marriage, and the youthful widower went to reside at Bishop Auckland, and worked there as a miner. It was surely a cruel destiny that brought him and Mary Ann together once more. As we shall presently see, his doom was sealed from that moment.

A few months later Frederick Cotton left his home one morning to go to his work in the colliery, after having partaken of a hearty breakfast prepared by his dutiful wife. He was in perfect health, and in the very prime of life. As soon as he reached the pit workings he was suddenly seized with a strange and unaccountable illness. He was violently sick, and suffered agony from internal pains. The result was he had to return to his home, and he never went out of it again alive.

Of course, a local doctor was called in, as usual, to attend to him, and treated him for gastric troubles—"gastric fever." The poor fellow's illness was short and sharp. On September 19th, 1871, he breathed his last, at the age of thirty-eight years and a few months.

Some weeks later Joseph Nattrass, a hale, hearty young fellow, was persuaded by Mary Ann to lodge with her, and marriage was talked about. It is probable that Joseph did not think a widow with two step-children and a boy of her own was much of a prize. But Mrs. Cotton was used to getting rid of obstacles, and so, on March 12th, 1872, the poor little lad Frederick died.

He was taken suddenly ill a week before his death, and a neighbour, who was in the habit of visiting Mary Ann, found the boy lying on the sofa one day looking ghastly ill, and groaning with internal pains.

It was "gastric fever," of course, and it finished him in seven days. His life was insured, and the step-mother drew the money. A very pathetic incident was mentioned in the course of the evidence which was given by the neighbour, Mrs. Smith. The day preceding his death she was with him. He knew he wouldn't get better, and he asked Mrs. Smith to see that a new velvet cap he had, and of which he was very proud, was placed on his head when he was put into his coffin.

Mrs. Smith laid him out, and complied with his dying request. The insurance money paid to Mrs. Cotton amounted to £5 15s.

On the 31st of the same month, three weeks later, that is, the infant, Robert Robson Cotton, also died of gastric fever; his age was ten months, and by this time Joseph Nattrass was lying in bed, suffering from some mysterious malady.

He was attended by a Dr. Richardson, who thought he had Bright's disease, and treated him accordingly. It seems almost incredible that, notwithstanding the numerous deaths in the family, and the illness of Nattrass, Mrs. Cotton was not suspected. On the contrary, so much sympathy was felt for her by the little community in which she lived, that it took practical shape, and a subscription was raised for her. The proprietors of the colliery in which Cotton had worked contributed, and they also consented to supply her with coals free.

From this point Nattrass became rapidly worse. His symptoms were violent sickness, internal pains, and purging. Mary Ann nursed him, and he, feeling that his end was near, and believing that she had been good to him, made over all his property to her, consisting of his clothes, his watch and chain, £10 due to him from a building society, and £80 in money. This little matter having been settled to Mary Ann's satisfaction, Joseph Nattrass died on April 1st, 1872. Less than four months later, the last stepson, Charles Edward Cotton, aged between seven and eight, died, on July 12th, 1872, after a short illness with "gastric fever."

SUBSCRIBED MONEY FOR THE MURDERESS.

It is quite probable that, but for this child's death, the inhuman monster would have escaped detection, for some time longer, at any rate, but she had become so accustomed to murder that ultimately she was bound to betray herself. It is said she was actually contemplating another marriage with a young fellow named Mann; but, fortunately for him, she was brought to book before she could carry out her purpose.

It appears that previous to the last child being taken ill, she had applied to the assistant overseer at West Auckland for an order for the boy to go into the workhouse, as she complained that she could not afford to keep him. This gentleman, Mr. Thomas Riley, told her that he could not give her such an order unless she accompanied the boy into the workhouse. But that arrangement did not square in with her plans; and she may be said to have spun the hemp for her own neck by remarking to Riley:

"Well, if it hadn't been for him, I could have married again. But, there, he won't live long. He'll go the way of all the Cotton family."

After the child's death these words were remembered against her. In this case a Dr. Kilburn was called in, and, feeling puzzled about the illness, he made a post-mortem examination, and gave a certificate that death was due to "gastric fever." Curiously enough, however, he was induced to preserve some of the viscera, and, hearing from the assistant overseer what Mrs. Cotton had said, when the parish relief for which she had applied was refused, he submitted the viscera to analysis, and found arsenic. He immediately communicated with the police.

In consequence of this the Home Office was notified, and a secret order was sent down for exhumation of the body. That was on July 26th. No time was lost in submitting the organs to Mr. Scattergood, the eminent surgeon and Government analyst of Leeds. This gentleman's report led to Mary Ann's arrest. Justice had overtaken her at last. And now the Home Office ordered the bodies of Frederick Cotton, Joseph Nattrass, and the other two children to be exhumed. They had all been buried in parish ground, and so badly were the records kept that Frederick Cotton's body could not be found. The others were recovered, however, and in each case Mr. Scattergood found large quantities of arsenic.

ENOUGH TO KILL FOUR MEN.

From Joseph Nattrass's stomach alone he took no less than seventeen and a half grains of the deadly poison, whereas four to five grains were sufficient to produce death. When the facts became known there was tremendous excitement, and the feeling against the wretched woman was very strong.

After several preliminary examinations, she was finally committed to take her trial at the ensuing Durham Assizes on four specific charges of murder. During the time that she lay in gaol waiting to be tried, it was deemed desirable that her history should be traced, and two well-known police sergeants, who had distinguished themselves by special ability in such cases, were instructed to take the matter in hand.

The task proved far more difficult than was anticipated, owing to her having moved about so much and to frequent changes of name. But the inquiries were pursued with indefatigable zeal, and gradually the enormity of her crimes was brought to light, and she proved to be one of the most astounding criminals of the century.

In the ordinary course her trial should have commenced in December of 1872, but her health had entirely broken down, and she was put back to the Spring Assizes. On March 6th, 1873, she had sufficiently recovered to render any further postponement unnecessary, and on that day she was placed in the dock on one count, namely, the wilful murder of the stepson, Charles Edward Cotton, on July 12th, 1872.

Had she been acquitted on that, she would have had to answer to each of the other three, so that

Tall girls, short girls, thin girls, cycling girls, and brides all receive special hints about clothes from the great Worth himself in the April ROYAL.

there wasn't a loophole of escape. The judge was Mr. Justice Archibald, and the leading counsel for the Crown was Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., assisted by Mr. Greenhow, Mr. C. Bruce, and Mr. H. J. Trotter; while, for the defence of the murdress, Mr. Campbell Foster and a Mr. Part had been instructed.

The moment they took their briefs they must have known and felt that their task was a perfectly hopeless one. When she first appeared, people were struck by her "comeliness." She was pale, but well nourished, and seemed in excellent health. Her dark hair was neatly arranged, and she had been at pains to make herself attractive. On the first day she appeared quite self-possessed and easy in her mind; but, as the evidence against her was gradually unfolded, an ever-increasing anxiety was observed to overspread her face.

On the second day she had undergone a complete change, and her haggard appearance was noted by everyone, and she grew livid when the judge, in spite of the objections of her counsel, decided to take evidence in the other three cases, that is, of Nattrass, Frederick Cotton, and Robert Robson Cotton. Terrible, indeed, was the indictment, and no one who heard it could doubt for a moment that the woman in the dock was a woman of fiendish cruelty. Nevertheless, Mr. Campbell Foster made a desperate fight for her life.

SWOONED IN THE DOCK.

The room in which her victims had died was papered with green paper, and so he tried to cajole the jury that, as green wall-paper is said to contain arsenic, the paper was responsible for their deaths. And he went a step further, and declared that the room, having been washed out with soft soap, in the composition of which arsenic enters, the soap, as it dried, deposited the poison, which, in the form of dust, floated in the air, and so entered the systems of the victims. It was a far-fetched and ridiculous theory, but her counsel had to do something.

On the third day the judge summed up, and no summing up could have been more impartial, more fair. Never once did he strain a point against the prisoner, and he urged the jury in the most solemn manner that if they had the shadow of a shade of doubt in their own minds about the prisoner's guilt they should give her the benefit of it. But the jury had no such doubt. The evidence they had to consider was too conclusive, and after an absence of only three-quarters of an hour, they returned into the court with a verdict of "Guilty."

When the verdict was given, the prisoner blanched, and her face became corpse-like in its hue. She was asked if she had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, and, grasping the rail with a spasm of nervous energy, while her eyes seemed starting from her head, she gasped out in a hollow, unnatural voice: "Not guilty, not guilty. Oh, no, not guilty."

In an impressive and emotional manner, at times overcome by his feelings, Mr. Justice Archibald pronounced the dread sentence of doom. With a low cry of horror the guilty creature, who had committed murder after murder without a pang of remorse, fell back in the dock in a swoon now that death menaced, and she was carried out of the court by the matron and the warders who were in attendance. Seldom has a more painful scene been witnessed in a criminal court. Of course, as she had been convicted, it was not necessary to proceed with the other cases.

A PARTIAL CONFESSION.

In the interval that elapsed between the sentence and the execution Mary Ann Cotton suffered indescribable torture either from remorse or guilty fear. She would start up in the night frantic with horror, and warders had to forcibly hold her down. She lost flesh to such an extent that she became a living skeleton. She was attended by three Wesleyan clergymen, and they did all they could to bring her to a better frame of mind.

On the morning of her execution she had grown calm, but it was due to the apathy of despair. It is a curious and interesting fact that, as she made her last toilet with the assistance of the wardresses, she paid particular attention to her long, black hair, which she brushed and combed very carefully. She had always been proud of her hair, and her vanity showed itself even in the shadow of death.

When she left her cell, she was the colour of a corpse; her face was distorted, her eyes sunken; while her fingers twitched, and she breathed stertorously. As she caught sight of the scaffold, she reeled and drew back. Then suddenly, by a supreme effort of will, she steadied herself, and mounted with very little assistance.

Before her death she was urged to confess her guilt, but while admitting that she had administered the poison, she declared that she had not done it intentionally. It may be interesting to state that the night before her execution Mary Ann Cotton, one of the most depraved and cold-blooded poisoners of modern times, prayed for her still living husband, James Robinson, who, until the Bishop Auckland murders became known, had lost all trace of her from the time she left his home in Sunderland.

(Next week—"The Norfolk Tragedy.")

Dreams That Came True.

Remarkable Experiences of Well-known People.

Mr. COSMO HAMILTON

(The brilliant author and playwright).

THE only dream that ever came true with me was one—a most expensive one—that occurred in a railway carriage. I was returning home (after having attended a long and tiring rehearsal of one of my plays) in the last train.

I went to sleep at once, and, being anxious not to go through my station, I dreamed that I had overslept and been carried on to Slough.

I awoke to find myself at Slough—alone, with no money, and no train to take me back—raining like the very dickens, the only cabman as wet inside as out, a water splash to go through half way home, no clothes to sleep in at the local hotel. It cost me a special train, and taught me a lesson.

Cosmo Hamilton

Professor J. F. BARNETT

(The eminent composer, Professor at the Royal College of Music and at the Guildhall School of Music).

THE only instance I can recollect in which a dream was reproduced in real life, as regards myself, I mean, I will state in as brief a manner as possible. A good many years ago I dreamt I was in a schoolroom where there were a number of children of different ages, who presently began singing an elaborate chorus for mixed voices in *four parts*. The chorus lasted a considerable time, and made a deep impression upon me.

Some time after this I was invited to hear the children of the Nottingham School for the Blind sing my "Ancient Mariner," which had been produced a *few* weeks before at the Birmingham Festival. The striking similarity of the situation to that in my dream was very remarkable, so that I may truly say that my musical dream came true in a most astonishing manner.

John Francis Barnett

Mr. LESLIE WARD

(The famous "Spy" of "Vanity Fair").

A GOOD many years ago I was staying at a country house in Staffordshire. The Boat Race was about to be rowed, and I am always interested in the chances of the rival crews. Still, my interest was nothing out of the common, and there was no particular reason why one night I should have a most vivid dream, in which I saw the two crews racing against each other, until one boat, the Cambridge one, filled with water, and was swamped.

The dream was most distinct, and I remembered it when I awoke, and related it at breakfast. My host's house was in a rather remote part of the country, so that the London papers did not arrive until the afternoon. When they came, they contained the news that at practice the previous day the Cambridge boat had been swamped.

Leslie Ward

Mr. E. T. REED

(The famous "Punch" artist).

I REMEMBER once, when I was working at a school of art (years ago)—Calderon's, St. John's Wood—I was much worried over my failure to get a *facial* likeness of the "Laocoon" in a drawing I was making for the entrance competition for the "Academy" schools. I left the school one night very depressed. During the night I had a vivid dream of Sir Frederick Leighton coming round to look at my drawing, and trying sympathetically to help me to put the features right.

He made a few bold guiding lines on the face showing at a glance how the sideways and backward tilt of the head would affect the features, and so gave me a solution of my difficulties.

Next morning I went straight to my drawing, and did precisely what he, or, rather, his phantasmal substitute, had suggested, and got exactly what I wanted in a few minutes.

Among all the gorgeous flights of memory you will receive, this will probably seem a tame and trivial incident, but it was most uncommonly welcome and useful to me.

E. T. Reed

Mr. JOSEPH HOLBROOKE

(The brilliant composer of "The Raven," "Queen Mab," "Les Hommages," "Apollo," "Alabama," "The Bells," and other notable works).

I AM a firm believer in the significance of dreams, and have repeatedly found them come true, in the sense that dreams about certain things have been followed by certain events.

Perhaps the most notable instance of this kind was about three years ago, when I dreamed that a shower of gold was pouring upon me. It was a very vivid dream, in which I saw myself sitting in a chair, whilst an endless stream of bright, golden sovereigns poured down upon me from some invisible source.

Next morning, when I came down to breakfast, there was a letter from the authorities of the forthcoming Birmingham Festival, asking me to undertake a work for them. I set to, composed "The Bells," and, with the production of that work at the Birmingham Festival of 1906, if I did not find an endless stream of gold, I, at all events, made a success which was gratifying to me both artistically and financially.

I may add that the invitation from Birmingham was wholly unexpected, as there had been no preliminary negotiations of any kind.

Joseph Holbrooke

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THE BRITISHER'S BIRTHRIGHT.

Among the neglected exercises, comparatively speaking, boxing comes an easy first, and it is a wonder that more young men do not take up the noble art. Self-control, good temper, quickness, suppleness—the boxer has all of these qualities.

Writing of boxing, that well-known heavy-weight champion, Gunner James Moir, tells us that the quality of hard punching has now been cultivated to a tremendous extent. The old-style fighter, to judge by his attitude as shown in the old prints, had but a hazy idea of getting his weight behind his blow.

"He hit out" straight from the shoulder, as the saying went (and does still, for that matter), but he did not pivot round as he hit, and get his shoulder well behind his fist.

He rarely "swung," and seemed to have no idea of the force of the bent arm blow.

Then, again, he devoted most of his attention to his adversary's face, which, of course, gave an impression that he was inflicting terrible punishment; whereas, as a matter of fact, it is in the ribs that one feels a blow most.

When you are learning to box, I know that most instructors and the majority of judges will always incline to favour the pupil who leads off at the face, and keeps leading at that objective.

But remember that he laughs best who laughs longest, and that a few well-timed and delivered half-arm jabs in the short ribs will take it out of your man far more than an even greater number of *seemingly* harder straight drives in the face.

He can, and almost certainly will, partly break the force of these, either by a partial parry, or by moving his head a little.

It is, of course, in accurate "timing" that the best value of a punch consists. You may put all your force into it, and all your weight behind it; but if you don't get it there exactly at the very moment you intend it to arrive, you will not only have wasted a good half of your energy, but may sprain your wrist or knock up your thumb into the bargain.

This is only an extract from Gunner Moir's capital article. To read in full the entertaining chat on boxing, you should purchase a copy of THE BIG BUDGET this week.

BINKS: "That's a beautiful piece the orchestra is playing."

LINKS: "Ah, it is one that will always haunt me."

"Why?"

"It is the only one my daughter knows."

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Another Incident in Mr. Chorley's Career Related by ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

"You see," said Mrs. Maybee addressing Mr. and Mrs Chorley. "It's Bobby's birthday and we must let him have a party all to himself. But the children will be gone by eight o'clock, and then we can settle down to an evening of our own."

"What time shall we be there, dear?" asked Mrs. Chorley.

"Well," replied Mrs. Maybee, "I thought perhaps you'd like to come early and help to amuse the children. Most of the people I've asked will be there by half-past six. There'll be Mr. and Mrs. Wigley, and young Mr. Potter and his sister Lottie, and our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wimbleby——"

"Oh," said Chorley, "will Wimbleby be there?"

"Why, certainly," replied Mrs. Maybee, "such a nice, agreeable man, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Chorley with something like a grunt. "He is. I've noticed it."

It was nearer seven than half-past six when the Chorleys arrived at the Maybees' house. Mrs. Chorley was taken upstairs by the maid, while Chorley was left to find his way about by himself. The house rang with the deafening shouts of the children, and as far as Chorley could judge by the sound, the youngsters were having their fun in the drawing-room.

As he had come early on purpose to help to amuse the little ones, Chorley decided that he wouldn't stand on ceremony, but would start right away. Outside the drawing-room door was a large bearskin mat, and as he looked at it an idea occurred to him by which he reckoned he could set himself on good terms with the children in two minutes. He opened the door slightly, and then dropping on his hands and knees, he drew the mat over his shoulders and gambolled into the room barking like a Newfoundland dog.

After he had barked for two or three seconds, he paused and looked round the room, a little surprised at the chilling silence in which he was being received. To his intense horror, he realised that the children weren't in the drawing-room at all. But most of the grown-up guests were there, and they looked down upon him with a stony stare as though they had no doubt in their minds that Chorley must be either very mad or else badly intoxicated. Finally, Wimbleby broke the silence.

"It's old Chorley," he said with a snort of contempt. "He's gone balmy at last. I've seen it coming on for a long time. Give me the poker one of you, and I'll see that he doesn't bite anybody."

"Don't be ridiculous, Wimbleby," said Chorley, as he rose to his feet and looked about him a little ruefully. Then walking up to Mrs. Maybee, he added: "I thought the children were here, and I did it to amuse them."

He realised that the children weren't in the drawing-room at all, but the grown-ups were.

Mrs. Maybee accepted the explanation with a polite but distinctly freezing smile. When she was in her drawing-room she regarded herself as a great personage; and her guests considered themselves similarly magnified. One or two of the ladies giggled faintly and one or two of the men said "haw!" and after that there was a chilling silence.

At the first opportunity, therefore, Chorley said he would go and find the children. Mrs. Maybee said it was very kind of him; and thus encouraged he proceeded to the breakfast-room where he understood the children were being caged for the moment while the supper-table was being prepared. As soon as Chorley showed himself at the door, a couple of boys ran up to him.

"Oh, please," said one of them, "we want to play Blind Man's Buff. Will you be Blind Man?"

Chorley said he would be delighted. The children gathered round him, and then one of the girls tied a handkerchief over his face. Chorley could have wished, perhaps, that the handkerchief had not been quite so permeated with the odour of oranges, but for the sake of the children one overlooks many things. They turned him round three times, during which he could hear a considerable movement among the chairs, and then they told him to start the fun.

Chorley put out his hands to feel his way across the room, and discovered that a chair that he hadn't remembered before was just in front of him. He turned in another direction, and then another, and it seemed to him that he had become mysteriously surrounded by chairs all at once. At the same moment a piece of orange-peel caught him a sharp rap on the ear, and a roar of extremely innocent, childish laughter went up.

Then a volley of peas, evidently discharged from

Then a volley of peas simply rained upon him.

penny shooters, simply rained upon him, and he thought it was time to change the programme. As he put up his hand to remove the handkerchief there was a scampering of many feet, and as soon as his eyes were unbandaged he discovered that he was alone, fenced in the corner by all the available chairs in the room.

Still, as long as the children amused themselves, Chorley didn't propose to worry much. The further end of the room was curtained off, the heavier portions of the furniture having been stacked there out of the way, and Chorley, following the sound of badly suppressed giggling, peeped behind the curtain, and discovered the children roosting in glee on the heaped-up tables and things.

"That was very funny," he said to the children, "but I don't think I'll play again just yet. Why don't you ask Mr. Wimbleby to come down and have a game?"

As soon as Chorley heard Wimbleby coming down the stairs, he retired behind the curtain to watch the fun. It did not occur to him that Wimbleby was a rather more wary man than himself, and decidedly more suspicious of human nature. He submitted to the process of having his eyes bound, but as soon as the chairs were being put round he pushed them back again, and told the children not to be silly.

Chorley, who was watching the proceedings from the curtain, was so shocked at this clear evidence that Wimbleby wasn't playing the game fairly that he was betrayed into thrusting his head out from behind it and exclaiming:

"Oh, I say, Wimbleby, that's not fair! You're peeping!"

Wimbleby snatched the bandage from his eyes. "Oh, you're there, are you, Chorley?" he said. "What have you been putting the youngsters up to? What's your game?"

"Nothing," said Chorley, blandly. "I'm not on in this scene. But I thought if you were going to play Blind Man you oughtn't to look."

"Don't think so much, Chorley" snapped Wimbleby. "You can't afford to begin thinking at your time of life." Then he added to two of the boys. "You run in the kitchen and get a couple of old plates and I'll show you a better game than this."

The boys ran off accordingly, and Wimbleby followed

"Now," said the boy, "rub your finger under the plate as you see me doing."

them as if by way of an afterthought. As the fun for the others seemed to be suspended for the moment, Chorley suggested a game of musical chairs. Having some little skill in music, he sat down and played a lively tune while the children ran round the chairs and quarrelled over the vacant places.

As, however, they had already played at musical chairs eleven different times since their arrival, the fun was not particularly exhilarating, and Chorley was quite relieved when the boys came back with a couple of plates and said they had found a new game.

"What is it?" asked Chorley, jumping up from the piano.

"It's thought-reading," explained the elder boy, a bright-looking young ruffian of about twelve. "I'll show you how it's done, Mr. Chorley. But you must do just what I tell you."

"All right," said Chorley with that ready surrender of superiority which we all adopt when resolved to amuse the children at all costs.

"You must keep your eyes fixed on mine all the time," said the bright boy; and as Chorley stared resolutely at him accordingly, the youngster handed him one of the plates.

"Now," said the boy, "don't take your eyes off mine or you'll spoil the trick. Rub your finger under the plate as you see me doing."

Chorley obeyed the instructions faithfully. Following the movements of his instructor he then rubbed his finger over his nose, and the shrieks of laughter into which the children broke out convinced him that they had at last found a game that all could enjoy hilariously. The boy returned his finger to the plate, and, after rubbing it round with further mock ceremony, pretended to make a cross on his forehead, and then another on his chin.

The laughter of the children was contagious, and Chorley found himself giggling in sympathy. After a while, he said: "Well, when does the thought-reading come on?"

"Something seems to have gone wrong with it," replied the boy, with a nervous giggle as he took Chorley's plate away from him, while the children rocked on the chairs with laughter. Chorley joined in the mirth heartily, imagining that it was inspired by the boy's discomfiture at the failure of his trick. And as there seemed to be nothing more in the game, he said he would give it up and go back to the drawing-room.

As he appeared at the drawing-room door one of the ladies gave a nervous scream. Some of the men guffawed, and Mr. Wimbleby made an ostentatious display of reaching for the fire-irons, and distributing them to the people nearest to him as weapons of defence.

"Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Chorley, "what have you been doing to your face? Look at yourself in the glass."

Chorley looked and discovered that his nose had turned black. He also saw a black cross on his forehead, and a similar smudge on each of his cheeks. At once he realised that the plate which the boy had given to him had been blackened by being held over a flame of some sort, and that in following the very precise instructions given him he had simply been transferring the lamp-black to his face. He beat a hurried retreat from the room, followed by Mrs. Chorley, while Wimbleby, who obviously knew more of the history of the plates than most, remarked to Mrs. Maybee:

"Chorley's a nice man, but it's such a pity he can't keep off the drink, isn't it?"

(*Another Chorley adventure next week.*)

"WILL you grant me one last favour before I go," asked a rejected suitor.

"Yes, George, I will," she said, dropping her eyelashes and getting her lips into shape. "What is the favour I can grant you?"

"Only a little song at the piano, please. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want you to scare him away."

In order to be well dressed, read the article by Jean Worth, the world's greatest costumier, in the April ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Baulked by a Bark.

A cross-Channel passenger was fined £3 at Dover recently for attempting to smuggle a pomeranian puppy into England in the pocket of his overcoat. The dog betrayed its presence by barking.

Bored.

A Midland Railway engine-driver who recently retired after forty years' service, and went to live in the country, has induced the company to restore him to his old position on the footplate, as he found life away from his engine unendurable.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Robert Womack, who discovered Cripple Creek, the world's greatest gold camp, and sold his claim for £125, is living on charity at Colorado Springs, and a subscription for his relief has been started. The camp has yielded £49,500,000 in gold since 1891.

Poetic Justice.

Jules de Foix, who had been convicted of fraud and theft tried to soften the heart of a Paris magistrate by pleading his cause in a poem which he composed while waiting for the case to be heard. Before he had finished the first verse the magistrate sentenced him to thirteen months' imprisonment, and ordered him to be removed.

Quite Suitable.

At a ball in Cleveland (Ohio) the guests came dressed as children, and the ballroom represented a children's playroom.

Purified by the Unemployed.

Camberwell Borough Council has decided to plant 1,368 trees in various streets, in order to beautify and purify the borough. The work will be done by the unemployed.

Dodging the Demon.

A London doctor, to whom the influenza epidemic has brought an enormous amount of extra work, says that he himself takes eucalyptus lozenges as a preventive against the malady and smokes as much as possible.

Biter's Bit.

Dr. Disburg, a Paris physician, has invented a cure for nail-biting in children. It consists of a bit which prevents the jaws closing, and the inventor suggests that it might be used with advantage by many adults.

Brave Berlin.

In spite of rules that were almost laughable, the Berlin police have forbidden an amateur boxing tournament. Large gloves, with which a "knock out" would have been impossible, were to have been used, while a hard blow was to count against the hitter.

Why Celia Sinned.

Celia Peterson, an eighteen-year-old girl, has confessed to committing fifty burglaries at Chicago for the sake of the excitement.

Scalped.

While working in a laundry at Ballymena, Co. Antrim, a girl named Gordon was caught by the hair in a machine and completely scalped. She was taken to the local hospital, where the scalp was sewn on, and she is making good progress.

The More Dangerous Part.

The Mayor of Marseilles and a member of the General Council fought a duel in the Velodrome of that town. Neither of the combatants was hurt, but one of the seconds in his excitement fell and broke his kneecap at the tragic moment when the mayor and the councillor exchanged pistol shots.

Cadged for Clothes.

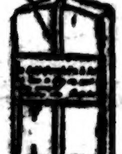
A woman who was sent to prison in New York for begging proved to be Mrs. Abraham Greenbaum, the wife of a restaurant owner. She stated that as her husband's income of £13 a week was not sufficient to allow her to dress as she wished, she adopted this method of obtaining the price of fashionable gowns in which she visited theatres.

Picture Pars. (See footline.)

A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

STAINLESS LABELS.

LABELS on medicine bottles are frequently stained, and in some cases the inscription on them is completely obliterated, by the drops which run down the side of the bottle after some of the liquid has been poured out. To obviate this difficulty a new type of bottle has been invented, and is now in use. It contains a groove of about one-eighth of an inch deep and a quarter of an inch wide running down the outside of the bottle. The lable is pasted on over this groove leaving a space behind, and the drop passes down this space instead of running over the label.

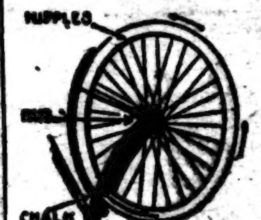


WHY HAMPERS ARRIVE SAFELY.

THOUSANDS of Post Office hampers containing parcels are annually dispatched by train all over the country, and that it is only on rare occasions that any of them go astray reflects great credit on both the Post Office and Railway Officials. A good deal of this efficiency is due to the simple but excellent system in use for checking the number of articles booked to any particular town. Each hamper has on its side a label denoting its destination, also a distinctive number. Supposing there were ten hampers from London to Glasgow by a particular train, the guard must take special notice that each hamper has a correct label and number, and that the tenth one is marked FINAL. Consequently, the Glasgow postman, whose duty it is to receive these hampers, can tell right away whether they are correct.

ADJUSTING CYCLE WHEELS.

AN acute observer will notice that the wheels of a great many cycles are out of truth. That is to say they wobble about between the forks. This wobbling contributes largely to the destruction of both brakes and tyres, to say nothing of the wheels themselves. It may be obviated by the simple process of readjustment, which should be carried out as follows. Turn the machine upside down and then place a piece of chalk against the fork with the point towards the tyre. As you spin the wheel slowly round, the chalk marks on it will show the places which require taking in. This may be accomplished by means of the spokes, of which there are two sets in the wheel, those from the right of the hub and those from the left. At the rim end of these spokes will be found what are called the nipples, by screwing up or unscrewing which the length of the spokes is altered. Now supposing the bulge to be on the right-hand side, it requires to be pulled in from the left.

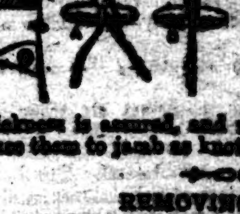


Take the spanner and give the nipples on the right-hand side above the thickest part of the chalk mark a couple of turns to the left to lengthen the spokes this side, and then give a couple of turns to the right to the nipples on the other side to make these spokes correspond. This lengthening should always be done first, and a little experience will soon teach the right amount of adjustment necessary.

This is perhaps not the most scientific way of detecting when a wheel is out of truth, but it answers the purpose excellently.

TOGGLES.

ANY landsman who heard the word "toggles" would probably imagine it was the name of some pet dog. Toggles, as a matter of fact, are the small wooden pegs used in joining strings of flags together for signalling purposes. One of them is fastened above each flag, while on the line below there is an eye. To string the flags together, the toggles are passed through the eyes as shown in figures A and B. By this method quickness is assured, and no amount of flapping will cause them to jamb as knots would.



REMOVING A RING.

SOME finger rings after a time become inconveniently tight, and anybody who has tried to take one off will know the difficulty, not to say pain, attending such an endeavour. The accompanying picture shows the easiest method of accomplishing the task. Thread a needle with a strong piece of thread, and pass the head carefully under the ring. Pull one end of the thread through for a few inches, and then wrap the long end round the finger regularly all down to the nail. By catching hold of the short end behind the ring and proceeding to unwind it, you will then be able to force the ring slowly off the finger without much difficulty.

P·A·R·S A·B·O·U·T F·O·O·T·B·A·L·L P·L·A·Y·E·R·S.

A Few Facts About Well-known Footballers.

A. Spouncer (Notts Forest).

ONLY one International cap—against Wales, in 1900—stands to the credit of Alfred Spouncer; but it is safe to say that, given better health, and better luck in the matter of injuries at critical times, the Notts Forest left winger would have had one or two more dates on its peak by now.

In his prime, four or five seasons ago, Spouncer was a very fine forward—fast, quick on the ball, elusive, and equally good at centreing or shooting at goal, and although he is now rapidly getting into the veteran stage, he still retains much of his old ability, and is a distinctly useful player.

He and Grenville Morris made, and still make on occasion, one of the cleverest left wings in the League, and as difficult a pair as any halfback would care to face.

Spouncer, who originally came from Gainsboro' Trinity, has done well out of football, and owns considerable house property in the Nottingham district.

A. Wilson (Sheffield Wednesday).

IN Andrew Wilson, Sheffield Wednesday have one of the finest centre forwards of the day.

Splendidly-built—he is by common consent allowed to have the best pair of legs of any footballer now before the public—an adept at controlling, trapping, and gathering the ball; 'cute to a degree in the art of combining with those on either side of him, and quick to turn a ball into goal with either foot or head, Wilson is a terrible fellow to be up against. His size, "burliness," and solidity on his feet all make him a particularly difficult man to tackle or to stop when once he has got under way, and his tremendously powerful shooting ability must make goalkeepers quake at his approach.

Wilson has been Scotland's stock forward leader against England of late seasons, but last season he failed to shine, being, marvellous to relate, "held up" by Wedlock, Bristol City's pocket Hercules centre half.

C. Williams (Brentford).

CHARLES WILLIAMS, the Brentford goalkeeper, holds a record for first-class matches that will, perhaps, never be equalled—that of having scored a goal *from* goal.

He accomplished this extraordinary feat against Sunderland one very windy day eight or nine seasons ago. With the wind behind him, he took a goalkick from his own six yards' line, and so strong was his kick and the wind together, and so true his aim, that the ball, after one bounce, went over the head of Doig (who had come out to intercept it) into the Sunderland net!

Williams, who is an exceedingly popular man in the Middlesex County town, is, although something of a veteran now, still a very able goalkeeper, especially to "tall" shots, which his great height and long reach enable him to get to splendidly.

He was formerly in the Army and he is one of the best-educated of professional footballers.

J. Coleman (Everton).

LAST season Coleman, then of Woolwich Arsenal, was one of the finest inside rights in the country, and was "capped" against Ireland. This season, however, he has hardly been seen at his best at all, and last month, after having been with the Metropolitan First Leaguers for six seasons, he was transferred to Everton.

Perhaps the change of quarters and colleagues will enable him to find his form again; at any rate, however, he cannot yet be played out, having regard to his comparative youth and his fortunate immunity from serious injury during his career so far.

At his best, Coleman is a delightfully clever forward—neat, skilful, and tricky in mid-field, and a deadly shot near the posts.

He originally went to Woolwich from Northampton; was exceedingly popular in the Arsenal town; is a great humorist, and is always called "Tim," though his name is really John.

J. Buchanan (Clapton Orient).

IN his earlier days Buchanan played forward, but, like so many players who have graduated in the front rank, he is now generally seen at half back, where he plays that excellent game that "reformed" forwards so often do.

Naturally enough, the great feature of his play at half is the way in which he feeds those in front of him; he knows from experience just how and when a forward likes to have the ball "put" to him. For a comparatively small man he tackles very well, too, and his heading is by no means weak.

Apropos of "heading," Buchanan is quite bald, and he is never seen on the field without a tight-fitting skull cap on his head.

As his name signifies, he is a Scotsman, and besides Clapton Orient, he has played for Middlesbrough and Brentford among English clubs.

A. E. Evans (West Bromwich Albion).

OF all the unlucky wights who ever played first-class football, surely Albert Edward Evans, late of Aston Villa and now of West Bromwich Albion, is the unluckiest.

Right through his career he has been in the wars; details of his numerous injuries would fill a column of *P.W.*, and on three separate occasions he has been carried off the field with a broken leg!

Good judges of the game say that his dashing, vigorous style of play—even to-day he seems to know no fear on the field—has been chiefly responsible for most of his accidents, and this is probably very true; but, although he is essentially a "hard" player, he is by no means a rough one.

After his third serious mishap, Aston Villa, who were extremely kind and generous all through his long association with them, gave him a free transfer, and he at once joined his present club, for whom he is doing much good work.

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page! Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER

A Serial Story of remarkable power, telling of the pathetic side of London life.

By ARTHUR APPLIN, Author of "[illegible]," etc., etc., etc.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Maggie Druce, a beautiful girl, who sells flowers in London streets.

Alf Druce, her brother, a gutter boy. Overcome with horror, he kills his mother, Ma Druce, when she is ill-treating Maggie.

Jim Dempster, out-of-work brother-in-law of Maggie and Alf. Self-sacrificingly he takes the burden of Alf's crime upon his shoulders.

Jim Ferguson, an artist, who is painting a portrait of Maggie dancing to an organ. He shields the gutter children from the police, is arrested, and perjures himself.

The Hon. [illegible] Bodeley is having her portrait painted by Ferguson, and is attracted by the artist's personality.

Captain Bradley, a friend of Miss Bodeley's, bails out the artist when he is arrested.

Last week it was told how Jim Dempster and Alf, the prisoners in the Druce murder case, came up for trial, and Dempster makes a violent appeal on Alf's behalf from the dock.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.
The Trial.

As soon as the court had somewhat recovered itself from the shock and surprise of this unexpected incident it settled down to follow proceedings with renewed interest. The first witness called was the woman who discovered the body; the next, Druce himself, the murdered woman's husband. He had been carefully watched and guarded since the police-court proceedings, and was now, as he would have described it himself, painfully sober. Enforced sobriety apparently had its effect on his memory, for, to Dempster's horror and to Alf's confusion, he now swore that the night his wife was murdered his married daughter and her husband and Maggie and Alf were all gathered together in the one room they shared in Rockfeller Buildings.

"What I can't remember is exactly what 'appened! There was a row goin' on."

"Was that unusual?"

"Bless yer 'eart, no! I should 'ave noticed it more partikler if there 'adn't been a row."

"What was the 'row,' as you call it, about?"

"Oh, nothin' partikler! I suppose they was just a bit merry at first. And then Ma started teachin' Maggie manners, and Alf there checked 'er—and then it began. And then they all seemed to set about Ma. I 'eard a shriek—and that's all I can remember."

"And you didn't interfere?"

The man hung his head; some remnant of shame was left him. "I couldn't!"

Dempster listened with a scornful smile, but even his scorn was turned to admiration when the witness was cross-examined. His evidence was torn to shreds. He acknowledged he was drunk at the time. At the inquest he had said one thing, now he said another.

Other witnesses followed. They managed to prove that the whole Druce family were at home on the night of the murder, but who was absolutely responsible for the woman's death was not proved.

Then Maggie Druce was called, and every head was turned as she entered. The women craned forward eagerly, and a murmur of surprise and admiration rose, was instantly quelled; and as she stepped into the witness-box there came a great silence.

Alf looked at her wide-eyed, open-mouthed. That was not his sister, that young woman with a pale yet shining face, neatly, smartly—and to Alf almost beautifully—dressed. The petticoats rustled as she stepped into the witness-box. Her hair no longer hung in a wild mane about her shoulders; it had been combed and brushed, and was neatly piled on her head beneath a pretty black hat. Their eyes met and she smiled, but Alf still stared open-mouthed.

A miracle had happened, nothing less. It was his sister—he recognised her "carrots"; but he had never seen her smile like that before. . . . Besides, she looked so tall and graceful and—and—and clean! A miracle . . . and Jim Ferguson had performed it.

At that moment he did not know whether to love or hate the artist; he did not know whether it were good or evil that had happened. It was incredible. He stretched out his hand and touched Jim Dempster's arm.

"Look!" he whispered. "Look!"

A warder leaned forward and separated them. But Dempster had already looked, and he, for the moment, had been confounded. Perhaps he understood; perhaps he knew it was good though even he feared evil; but the evil which he saw was less terrible than the evils he knew Maggie had escaped. Heedless of those who stood guarding him, he leaned towards Alf.

"We've got to save her, lad, that's all as matters now."

A sharp reprimand, and silence again; whilst Maggie, holding the Bible in one hand—a hand that had been neatly gloved when she had entered—took the oath.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

Her voice was unsteady, almost inaudible; she looked frightened. The truth and nothing but the truth! She realised the solemnity of what she had sworn. A month ago she would have glibly repeated the formula, and it would have had no meaning for her. But in a month she had learnt many things; not only to wash and to dress and to speak carefully, and to neither drop nor pick up "h's"—she had also learnt the meaning of right and wrong, good and bad, of beautiful and ugly. She had, holding Jim Ferguson's hand in hers, knelt down, and peered into the dark well where Truth is hidden, and seen for an instant where Truth lay, and how beautiful she looked.

Mentioning the date of the murder, the counsel asked her where she was on that night. Maggie cast a frightened glance at Alf and Jim Dempster and gave no reply. Again the question, sharply and imperatively.

"I was selling flowers in the street."

"At midnight?"

Again a long pause, again the question repeated.

"No, I went home for a bit—for a little while," she corrected herself sharply.

The judge looked forward, a look of incredulity on his face. "Do you sell flowers in the street? Is that your—profession?"

There was no hesitation now.

"Yes, sir—at least, it was."

The judge took off his glasses, rubbed them and replaced them.

"What do you do now?"

"I've been sitting for a picture—a model; and now I've been promised an engagement at a theatre—to dance."

The judge leaned back frowning. There was a mystery here, counsel looked puzzled, the onlookers deeply interested, and the jury surprised.

The prosecution changed its tactics and questioned Maggie as to the date she gave up selling flowers and became an artist's model, what had induced her to change her profession, who employed her, and why.

These questions she answered clearly, quickly, and promptly, and it was quite evident she impressed the jury favourably. Honest, well-fed men are apt to be sentimental, and her youth and beauty affected everyone present; an element of romance had been brought into the sordid story. But when Maggie was pressed to give an account of what had happened when she reached home, her courage deserted her.

She stumbled in her evidence, contradicted herself, and finally broke down and wept.

Counsel sat down, and the judge busied himself making a few notes, and she was given time to recover herself.

And again the court was startled by a sudden outburst from one of the prisoners.

"Tell 'em stright, Maggie," Dempster shouted quickly. "Tell 'em all yer knows, my gal . . . it's the only wy!"

The warders seized Dempster, but he had said what he wanted to say and he smiled grimly, and an ominous silence followed. Then the judge severely rebuked him, telling him it would be for the last time.

Jim Dempster apologised. "I'm sorry, my lord; but it don't seem fair. She's the sort to be bullied into saying anything that a man like that"—pointing to the counsel for the prosecution—"wants to make her say."

The K.C. smiled grimly. "We only want the truth, but it seems extremely difficult to obtain. But the truth I am resolved to get," he continued, raising his voice, "at all costs."

When Maggie left the witness box, though she held her head high, and walked bravely through the crowded court to the doors, tears streamed down her cheeks, for she had spoken the truth, and the K.C. had resumed his seat with a smile of satisfaction. There was little doubt now but that he would win his case for the Crown. There was little doubt now but that the man and the youth in the dock were guilty of causing the death of Ma Druce, and many whispered that they were lucky not to have had a charge of murder preferred against them instead of manslaughter.

That finished the case for the prosecution, and the counsel who had been retained for the defence made his opening speech. He was a good man and known, moreover, to be a fighter; but he was obviously nervous and ill at ease. Maggie's evidence had come as a surprise and completely upset the line of his defence; to the general surprise he had made no attempt to cross-examine her. As soon as he had finished his opening speech, there was a bustle and hum of excitement as the name of Jim Ferguson was called; and the artist stepped quickly through the court and took his place in the witness-box.

Both Alf and Jim Dempster glanced at him, trying to warn him with their eyes, fearing rightly that he did not know what had transpired, and dreading lest he held to the story he had told at the police-court proceedings, endeavouring to prove that Maggie and Alf at the time of the murder were safely ensconced in his studio.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.
Ferguson in the Box.

JIM FERGUSON tumbled straight into the trap the prosecution had laid for him.

He had seen Maggie for an instant when his name had been called, and he had hurried through the corridors into the court. He had seen her weeping silently, her large eyes tear-stained and heavy with fear, her red lips trembling, and her cheeks paler than they had ever been before.

The artist saw something more than this, something which affected him more deeply—the change that his companionship had wrought in her. Those few lessons he had given her, lightly suggested and lightly undertaken by him, had had a strange and almost wonderful effect.

As he passed her she drew herself up and looked bravely at him in spite of her tears, and for the moment fear was ousted by pride. She saw that he recognised the change in her, she saw his quick glance of appreciation and surprise. And she was rewarded.

And this meeting, though no words had passed, had had its effect on Ferguson—an unfortunate effect, for it strengthened his resolve to fight tooth and nail for the salvation of the boy who stood in the dock, her brother.

If a handful of good food, a bundle of decent clothes, a few shillings cleanly earned, a bath, and a nodding acquaintance with "English as She is Spoke," and Rudyard Kipling, had worked so great a change in the girl, a miracle of no less magnitude might be performed with the boy if only he could be rescued, in time, from the clutches of the law, the prison and the police.

Doubtless Ferguson was swayed by sentiment, but it was of a healthy and unselfish kind. Sentiment is despised to-day, avarice has taken its place. Sentiment the world over is disappearing; like truth, it is hiding its face; and, until someone rescues it, the world will not produce another Cæsar, Alexander, or Napoleon.

Ferguson entered the witness-box intending to speak the truth, and the whole truth. If he could save Alf, certain facts which had come to his knowledge he might withhold; but he had resolved that if it lay in his power to save the boy's soul, he would save it; even though he perjured his own and lost it.

He blundered through his examination fairly successfully. Counsel for the defence saw only too clearly the danger. He knew, of course, the line Ferguson expected him to take, and the answers Ferguson would give to his questions. But Maggie's breakdown had given a totally different aspect to the case. Her confessions had altered the line of defence entirely. It was quite useless to try and prove an alibi; worse, it was dangerous. Not only would it be proved that Jim Ferguson had given false evidence, but it would be shown that Jim Dempster, the prisoner, had also perjured himself.

Counsel struggled bravely to avoid the danger; he knew it, Ferguson did not. Maggie, if she could, would have told him in that brief meeting; but no opportunity had been vouchsafed to her to say that word.

When Ferguson sat down there was an ominous silence; the fashionable audience held its breath and stared at him with undisguised curiosity mingled with amazement. It began to suspect that in some strange way Ferguson had been partly responsible for the slum tragedy. For a moment the belief in the guilt of Dempster and Alf wavered. Perhaps after all the police were wrong and it was Maggie, the last witness, who had killed her mother.

That, at the moment, seemed the only possible explanation; for it explained Jim Ferguson's extraordinary interest in the case, and his desire at all costs to shield the girl and her brother. Here, moreover, was romance blended with the sordid tragedy. What more natural than that the artist, meeting this pretty flower-seller as he had confessed, watching her dance and using her to sit for him as his model, had fallen in love with her? And so had unconsciously at first, and unintentionally, been drawn into the tragedy.

The silence was unbroken as the famous K.C. rose to cross-examine. A look of stern resolve was on his face; his expression was pitiless, and so was his voice. He commenced by speaking almost in a whisper; so low, that those at the back of the court could hear nothing. But as he warmed to his work, as he laid pitfall and snare for Jim Ferguson, he raised his voice; action came to his aid, he raised his arm and pointed scornfully at the witness. When an answer came hesitatingly he hissed his next question. The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead; he bullied, he threatened. Again and again counsel for the defence jumped to his feet to object; but his objections were invariably overruled.

Jim Ferguson kept his head. For a long time, too, he kept his temper, which, under the circumstances, was not easy, until at last human nature rebelled, and, instead of confining himself to denials or admissions, he, when opportunity offered, attacked the attacker.

The judge rebuked him gently at first, then severely. Counsel blinded and confused him with dates and hours. Again and again he took him over the same ground, seemingly forcing Ferguson to contradict himself, until his evidence was torn to shreds, and until it was proved conclusively that neither Alf nor Maggie could possibly have been at his studio at the time he had originally sworn they were.

When the famous K.C. finished, an audible sigh of relief went up. The strain to the onlookers had been great, it was easy to guess what it had been to the witness. For some seconds there was a faint, dreary hum of conversation, it was not silenced until the prisoner, Alf Druce, was put in the witness box to speak for himself.

Jim Dempster looked at him before he left the dock, a world of meaning in his glance; the boy understood. It was hopeless to fight for himself, he knew that, but he was still not afraid. He still felt that he was a hero, though not quite such a fine hero as he had been an hour or two ago. He began to realise that when the trial was over and the court empty, and he was led away, he would be quickly forgotten, he would become merely one of the crowd—a cypher.

Fame would not be his, not even the fame of a great criminal. No hero, no villain even; only a wasted atom of humanity with blood on his hands, the broad arrow of guilt emblazoned on his very clothes. He would be robbed of freedom and youth, the little sunshine the great city sometimes received, and the keen fresh air that sometimes blew up the river from the sea. He would be caged in the human zoological gardens that are scattered throughout the island, kept under lock and key behind iron bars with other dangerous specimens of mankind. More dangerous and less interesting than the caged wolf or tiger in Regent's Park, without even having the satisfaction of knowing that people paid their sixpences or shillings to peep at him behind the bars, worry him with their sticks, or feed him with their stale, rejected food.

"What is your name?"

"Alf."

"Alf what?"

"Alf Druce."

"What do you do for a living?"

It isn't necessary to spend a fortune on clothes, when you understand the art of dressing.—

"Sell pipers."

The onlookers drew their breath more freely and smiled; he was a bright youth and amusing. His presence in the box was a relief after that of the other witness. Counsel led him through various events that had occurred up to the night of the tragedy. When he was questioned as to his presence in Rockfeller Buildings, and the part he played in the tragedy, he hesitated, and looked at Dempster in the dock.

Then another scene occurred, unexpected and dramatic. Alf, who had yearned to be a hero, saw the ground slowly slipping from him, unconsciously emulated Jim Ferguson, became a real hero and a true one—by following a bad example. He had seen a real hero standing in the very place where he now stood not thirty minutes ago. He had seen a man risking his honour and reputation for a couple of little wastrels, two souls in the gutter that no one else thought worth saving. That hero had lied.

Alf had once thought it fine to be a criminal, and to stand in the dock. Now he found himself there, he spoke the truth. It rushed from his lips in a torrent of words; he flung it at the judge and jury, barristers and onlookers, with fearless audacity and unconscious scorn.

Vainly his counsel tried to stop him, vainly the judge interrupted. It was Alf's hour—the hour that comes once in the lifetime of every man.

In his case, perhaps, a poor little hour, and a very short one. He used it in self-condemnation. With a smile on his evil little face he nailed himself to his paltry little cross; though his words came in a storm, and he did it humbly enough and almost unconsciously.

"Yer wants the truth, don't yer? Well, look 'ere, yer shall 'ave it if yer'll promise to give Maggie a chance and not do nothin' to Mr. Jim Ferguson, there, who tried to help us 'cause—'cause—well, just 'cause he's a gentleman, or something better, which I ain't got a name for."

He scorned the cries of "order" and "silence," and clasped the rails of the witness-box with both hands and leaned forward excitedly.

"It was I as really did it all, 'cause her, Ma Druce, had beaten Maggie 'nough to kill her. Perhaps none of yer ain't never seen a girl bashed with a rope-end, if yer had, yer wouldn't sit there so comfortable-like, and arsk bloomin' questions that I ain't got no answer for. Ma was killin' her I tell yer. . . . She'd driven one of 'em into the streets, but she couldn't drive Maggie there, and I guess that made her wild. . . . I hardly remembers what I did, but I remember clutching hold of a knife—us was goin' to have a bit of supper, and so it was on the table—I made a rush for her, then Jim there stopped me; but not before I'd hit her, I'm sure I hit her! And then Jim's fist flies out, I heard a bit of a cry and a thud, and that's all I can remember. . . . Except that Jim told me to clear out quick, get away and take care of Maggie."

"There weren't nowhere to tike her, and I hadn't got no money. If you'd seen her then yer might o' thought the streets was good enough for her. . . . Yus," he cried, raising his fist, all traces of youth and boyhood vanishing and the man, the dominant male fighting for its female thing, blazing in his eyes. "Yus, that's where yer send 'em all, you who don't know nothin' between a Bible meeting and a workhouse, you who shoves a pub on one side of the road and a lock-up on the other. . . . But since yer've seen her here to-day, perhaps yer knows yer ain't always right, perhaps yer knows that gals wouldn't stop in the pubs or the pavements if there was anywhere else for 'em. He, Mr. Ferguson, knew it, and I thought of him and I took her down there, so he took care of her. . . . But he didn't know nothin' about anyone bein' killed then, how should he? And so what he said was truth. It was I who lied to him, not he to you. And if there's any hangin' to be done hang me! S'truth I'd do it again, and if yer wants to know why, yer get Maggie back, and tell her to tike off her jacket and just show yer the marks Ma Druce left across her body."

Alf paused to take a deep breath, his outburst had exhausted him. The court was so astonished, and the officials so taken by surprise, that they had been unable to stop him. But now, at a signal from an official, a warder entered the witness-box and laid hands on him. But Alf did not realise the enormity of his offence. It was, after all, a court of justice—it was justice that was demanded. They had been searching and probing for the truth in their strange, clumsy way, and he had given it them.

What more did they want?

There was a prolonged silence, no one spoke—not a whisper, no one even moved. The judge, who had half risen from his seat, resumed it; counsel for the defence was consulting with the solicitor. Then the famous K.C. who had been retained for the Crown, rose, and he asked quietly, and with faintly-disguised sarcasm, whether the defence intended to call further witnesses.

Silence again, pregnant, even unpleasant. Everyone knew that the defence had hopelessly broken down.

Then the counsel rose, briefly apologised, acknowledged he found himself in a difficult, if not hopeless position, confessed that he would certainly not call any further witnesses; but requested that Jim Ferguson might again be put into the witness-box. This was done and counsel questioned him with the object of giving him a chance of explanation. Realising his position, Ferguson confessed that first unconsciously, and afterwards purposely, he had misled the court.

"I'll confess I've behaved like a fool," he said quietly. "It seemed to me impossible, it still seems impossible for anyone to know who is absolutely responsible for Mrs. Druce's death. Dempster confessed to me that he was responsible and was willing to give himself up, and I thought that the law might be satisfied with one man's life. I wanted to save these two children, they are little else. I went about it the wrong way, that's all. I, and I alone, am responsible. I apologise to the court."

The judge's summing up was brief, but to the point. There could be no possible doubt that Alfred Druce and James Dempster were jointly responsible for Anna Druce's death. The jury had no option but to bring a verdict of manslaughter against them both. And then he pointed out the enormity of Ferguson's crime—for it was nothing else—in endeavouring to conceal the truth. He had not only himself been guilty of perjury, but he had induced a man who perhaps did not know better, James Dempster, to hide the truth.

The jury were absent for only a few minutes. They returned a verdict of guilty both against Jim Dempster and Alf, but recommended them to mercy.

The judge had recovered his equanimity now, and before sentencing the prisoners he treated them to a little sermon. It was a good sermon, far better than the average church-goer is treated to on Sunday; but at the same time it was pathetic, for it showed the insurmountable barrier that divides East and West, the children of the purple from the children of the gutter.

What could the scarlet-clad, bewigged judge know of the world in which Alf Druce lived, or of the people who inhabited that world? Though he sometimes saw them and often sentenced them, he knew less of their lives, their habits, their trials and temptations than he did of the animals at the Zoo, which he sometimes took his children to see. For he was an upright judge with a large and happy family, and as interested in zoology as in crime.

So he sentenced Jim Dempster to two years' penal servitude, and Alf Druce to one year's imprisonment followed by two years in a reformatory.

Dempster received the sentence without emotion, but Alf turned to the judge appealingly. "Don't send me to a reformatory, my lord. I don't mind prison; make it two or three years, but cut the reformatory."

The court laughed, and Alf and Jim Dempster were hurried below.

And the fashionable audience flocked out into the street. But it had had its amusement, and cheaply.

The little newspaper boy Alf was delightful. The audience was glad both prisoners had got off so lightly, and thought it very wise of the judge to send the boy to a reformatory when his term of imprisonment was over.

They were quite sure it was a very pleasant institution!

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE.

In the Prison Cell.

Maggie was allowed to see her brother before he was taken away. The gift of conversation which she had been endeavouring to acquire from Ferguson failed her now. Moreover, they were not alone; other eyes watched, other ears listened.

The language of the uneducated is like the language of animals—very restricted. But perhaps they express just with a gesture, a grunt, even an oath, far more than we who have a wonderful flow of wonderful words, who punctuate each sentence with massive adjectives and mighty adverbs.

Maggie held out her hand, but Alf hesitated before taking it. It was rather an unusual action; the Druce family had not been in the habit of shaking hands. Moreover, though he had been washed several times since his arrest, his hands still looked grubby and dirty, whilst a change had apparently come over Maggie's. They were almost white and clean, and he even noticed that they possessed nails—pink nails!

"'Ow's things going'?" he asked lamely. "My, yer do look a toff. Who done it?"

Maggie managed to smile. "I'm sorry, Alf; I would have done anything to save you; so would Jim—Mr. Ferguson. I know he would. He did try, didn't he?"

Alf nodded. "He's all right. . . . But, yer see, I knowed they was getting ready for him, so I had to just up and let 'em have the truth."

A considerable silence followed. The warder watched them out of the corners of his eyes curiously, not unsympathetically.

"Is Fergy still painting yer?" Alf asked, with a laugh.

"No, he's finished. But don't talk about me, Alf; I'm thinking of you."

Alf shrugged his shoulders. "Why, I'm orl right; it'll be a bit of a change for me. Lor', I shall just enjoy myself. Fancy board and lodgin' for nothin'! I shall get that fat yer won't know me when I comes out."

Suddenly the laughter died from his face and his eyes clouded. "If it wasn't for the thought of that there reformatory I shouldn't care a cuss. Why do they want to send me to a reformatory?" he asked furiously. "Why—they'd better 'ang me at once."

"Hush, Alf! Don't talk like that; it's all for the best. And—and I shall be able to come and see you at the reformatory perhaps."

Alf sniffed and drew the back of his hand across his mouth. "A fat lot of good that'll do me, won't it? I don't want no visitors hangin' round. Of course, yer're orl right, Maggie, but yer'll be too big a swell then. Why, look at yer now! Yer knocked me silly when yer came into the witness-box. Where did yer get all them fal-lals? And yer must 'ave been washing of yerself for days together to get as clean as that. And yer hair—my eye!"

"It's—it's——" Maggie wondered why the tears came so easily now. In the old days, when she had been less happy and more hungry, she had scarcely ever known them. "Mr. Ferguson. . . . He gives all and won't take nothing, Alf."

Alf grunted, and sat with his hands folded together staring at the stone floor.

Again a prolonged silence—only the regular beating of the warder's feet as he walked to and fro.

"I shall have to go in a minute, Alf."

Alf nodded. "So he dresses yer up and washes yer and teaches yer to speak proper. Yer ain't such a mug as to think he's doin' it for nothin', are yer, Maggie?"

"I've given up thinking, Alf. I don't want him to do it for nothing. I would have given him anything. I thought perhaps he couldn't take anything from me, because I was—well, ugly and dirty and all that. But now I'm—well, now I've learnt to look after myself properly it doesn't seem to make no difference."

"Well, it ain't nothin' to snivel about, is it?" Alf asked sharply. "'Ere"—he seized her roughly by the arm—"'ere, Maggie, look at me straight. Yer ain't gettin' soft on him, are yer—yer ain't goin' in for lovin' him and all that?"

"That's silly talk, Alf." She was off her guard, and dropped into the old vernacular.

Alf shook his head despondently. "I suppose yer can't help it. Yo're a woman now. But yer can take it from me straight, Maggie—I've seen a bit of the world, I have—love don't do no one no good, man nor woman."

"Time's up!"

Alf offered his hand this time; Maggie took it and held it tightly, drew close to her brother. "So long," he said roughly; "tike care of yerself—and be good!"

He stopped abruptly as their eyes met; he saw more fully the change that had taken place in her—that not only her body had been bathed and washed white, but her soul too. He gazed wonderingly at her.

Impelled by an unknown force, she drew him closer, and then kissed him. A thing she had never done before.

Alf was surprised and embarrassed, but he did not resent it. "Good-bye and good luck, Maggie," he said hoarsely, "and don't worrit about me; I'm orl right. You go ahead and have a good time—and——"

And so they parted. For Maggie's tears had overflown, and she did not want Alf to see her weakness.

Ferguson saw Alf the following day. Their meeting was brief, their conversation the same.

"You're a good lad," Ferguson said. "I've set you a bad example, you've set me a good one."

"Chuck it, guv'nor!" Alf replied.

"I lied," Ferguson continued, "and you saw what a failure it was; lies are always a failure. Now, look here, you've got to go through with this imprisonment and that confounded reformatory afterwards. Go through with it like a man; work hard, obey promptly, and when you come out you'll find us waiting for you."

Alf bit his lip. "What for?"

The question was difficult to answer.

"Keep your head up," were Ferguson's last words, "and I'll see that Maggie keeps here. Good-bye, Alf, and thanks for giving me a lesson in the truth."

"Keep your head up!" Alf repeated the artist's words over and over again to himself. He fell asleep in the prison cell that evening whispering them half aloud. No one had ever told him to keep his head up before.

(Another long instalment next week.)

THE LAST OF THE "BAD MEN."

The news of the killing of Pat Garrett the other day near El Paso, Texas, is worthy of more than the two or three lines which it was accorded in most of the London dailies.

For with Pat Garrett passes away the last of the old-time American "bad men."

The term "bad men," it should be explained, has a different significance on the frontier from what it does elsewhere. It means there a man "bad" to tackle, a quick and sure shot. He may be either an outlaw or one whose duty it is to make war on outlaws.

Garrett was one of the latter, and might, therefore, be correctly described as a good "bad man." For years he has taken his life in his hands, and hunted to the death the brigands, murderers, and cattle-thieves, who up till quite recently infested the great plains of the "wild and woolly west."

Perhaps his most noted exploit was the arrest of "Billy the Kid," a border bushranger with twenty-one murders to his credit. Garrett brought his prisoner safely to gaol through a crowd of 500 armed citizens, who had sworn to lynch him. Next day the "Kid" was free again, having shot two of his guard dead, and escaped in the darkness of the night. Garrett took up his trail quite alone, and followed him 500 miles to the foot-hills of the "Rockies." They met at dawn, pursuer and pursued, and both revolvers blazed at once. But Garrett "got the drop," and the "Kid" fell dead.

On account of this exploit, the good "bad man" was sent for all the way to the White House by President Roosevelt, who personally thanked him. And now comes the news that he has died as he lived, "with his boots on," killed in battle with the professional bravos who carry on the seemingly never-to-be-ended war between the sheepmen and the cattlemen of the Texan plains.

Mr. BOB SHILLING SPEAKS.

"I should like to bring to your notice an important fact. It is this:

"In exchanging me across the counter of a bookseller's shop for a copy of DO IT NOW you are putting me to one of the best possible uses. For the ability-developing book you will receive in return, will enable you to attract many of my brethren to your pockets. DO IT NOW is a guide to success, a business tonic, and no one who wishes to earn more money and better his position should be without it.

"Be sure you put this information to advantage."

If you want to understand it, read "Woman and Dress," by Jean Worth, in the April ROYAL.

208 Cash Prizes

for users of

"LEMCO"

FIRST PRIZE - - £50
SECOND PRIZE - £20
THIRD PRIZE- - £10

Also 5 Prizes of £5 each, 100 Prizes of 10s. each, and 100 Prizes of 5s. each.

How many ways can you use Lemco?

AFTER its purity and high concentration the most prominent feature of "Lemco" is the great variety of purposes for which it can be used. Take a jar of "Lemco" and think what a lot you can do with it. You can employ it in countless ways for cooking—as an invigorating and refreshing hot beverage—as a restorative for invalids—as a health and strength-giving food for delicate children who cannot digest milk properly. But these by no means exhaust the list. Users of "Lemco" must know of many other ways in which it can be used to advantage. This Competition will give them an opportunity of turning their experience to profit.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:—Write out briefly the purposes for which you find Lemco of service. The prizes will go to those whose lists give the greatest number of original and useful ways in which "Lemco" can be used.

How to enter the Competition.

Write out your list clearly and send it, together with a "Lemco" buff wrapper, to—"LEMCO," 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

Mark your envelope "Competition" in top left-hand corner.

Number each different way of using "Lemco" in your list.

Remember that in adjudging the awards the originality and usefulness of the items given will be taken into consideration.

The closing date of the competition is June 15th, 1908. All entries should be forwarded before that date.

The decision of the Company must be considered final.

Competitors will find the "Lemco" cookery book of assistance. A paper-bound edition of this useful work, together with an interesting illustrated booklet on the great Lemco cattle farms, will be sent free on request.

LEMCO, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

.. THE ..

Wine Tonic

TO COUNTERACT

INFLUENZA

EVERY BOTTLE FULL OF NOURISHMENT.

RECOMMENDED BY OVER 8,000 DOCTORS.

DON'T GET RUN DOWN

The easiest way to combat serious Influenza is to allow yourself to get "run down" in tone. The easiest way to steer clear of infection is to keep up the strength with "Wincarnis."

The famous Wine Tonic is a most delicious and refreshing restorative, which, if taken regularly with your meals, enhances the nutritive value of ordinary food tenfold. As a safeguard against Influenza it is unsurpassable.

Many thousands of people have either got Influenza or have had it quite recently, and it is to these, who know the indescribable weakness and exhaustion which always follow the fever, that we earnestly recommend the restorative "Wincarnis." There cannot be any question about the urgent need of a powerful "pick-me-up" by Influenza patients.

ARTHUR ANDREWS, Esq., of 10 Chestnut Grove, Balham, writes, Feb. 17th, 1908:—"I am now getting over a rather serious attack of Influenza, and I have again resorted to 'Wincarnis' to assist me in regaining my health and strength. I find your wine tonic quite satisfactory and absolutely the most bracing and strength-giving restorative that I have ever tried. I recommend 'Wincarnis' to all my friends in need of a good 'pick-me-up.'"

TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS.

NOTE.—Send three penny stamps, to pay cost of carriage (kindly mention *Pearson's Weekly* in your letter), to Coleman & Co. Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and they will forward a sample bottle of "Wincarnis" free of charge.

AFTER FREE TRIAL you can order "Wincarnis" from any Wine Merchants, but you can only buy it at Chemists or Grocers if they are licensed to sell wines. "Wincarnis" with Quinine can be bought at any licensed or unlicensed Chemists or Stores.

Proprietors: COLEMAN & CO. Ltd., WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.

LAST REMINDER.

Marriage Competition for Cash

£250

Closes March 31st, 1908

If you have not sent in your Coupon **DO IT TO-DAY**, or you will be too late. Ask your Chemist for **6d.** Bottle of PEARSON'S ANTISEPTIC. Send Wrapper or Carton with the following Coupon filled in.

FIRST PRIZE - - - - £100
Second Prize - £50 Third Prize - £25
Five Prizes of £5. Fifty Prizes of £1 each.

PEARSON'S ANTISEPTIC COUPON.

I estimate the number of Marriages in the United Kingdom for the three months ending March 31, 1908, to be .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

P.W.

To assist competitors in their forecasts we give the official figures for the past three years as follows:—

Three months ending March, 1905—118,865; 1906—119,430; 1907—122,221.

If your Chemist IS SOLD OUT, send Coupon with 6d. at once and make sure that your estimate is recorded by the 31st MARCH (last post).

"MARRIAGES," PEARSON'S ANTISEPTIC.
15 Elm Street, London, W.C.

SERIAL STORY.

The House of Rimmon.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO, Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

This week you will read how a foul plot is hatched against Sir Douglas Blythe by the members of his own gang, and Natt Drake expresses his determination to go abroad.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

When Rogues Fall Out.

"IF Blythe is straight, why does he ask the man to his house? Why does he put business in his way—he sent a wealthy client to him only yesterday!" asked the Semitic gentleman.

"I should take it the old man's trying to soft-soap him," said Raikes. "Maybe he'll buy Stuart over."

"It can't be done. I know Stuart. I tell you, he's not to be bought; ask Colgrave what he thinks of him."

"A tough customer," said the valet. "Obstinate as they make 'em, the grip of a bulldog, the scent of a bloodhound, dangerous as he can be; I don't understand Sir Douglas's game."

"He wants to win him over," Natt spoke for the first time, his loyalty in alarm. He desired revenge on Stuart, he did not bargain for reprisals against his chief. "Sir Douglas can lure a bird from the nest if he likes."

"That's not good enough," said the tired cracksman. "It isn't a time for fancy tricks. If a man's dangerous he ought to be dealt with."

"I agree with you," said Stebbing. "The matter's urgent. The case of Smith & Co. against the Argus Company cannot much longer be postponed. If Stuart can find Brettal——"

"'E can't," Prattles looked important. "Brettal's in Davy Jones's locker. I took him from Blythe's 'ouse in Park Lane in a packing-case."

The information was received with interest, but without surprise. Dead men were easily disposed of, if you knew your way about.

Stebbing was the one exception. He started to his feet, his eyes flashing, his hands gesticulating.

"If that's so," he cried, "Blythe's conduct is even more suspicious. Brettal is dead, his affidavits can be easily stolen, Stuart's chief piece of evidence falls to the ground. Why, then, should Sir Douglas cultivate the acquaintance of a man who has done his best to ruin me? Have I no claims to be considered? Have I no debts of vengeance to collect? I say Stuart had done his best to ruin me; he has lost me case after case in the courts, and—and the man I serve, the man we all serve, the man who's pledged to us body and soul, protects him, dares me to touch him, has him to dinner, sends him clients, makes him a friend."

With all the force, the passion of his race, the Jew urged the indictment. "What reason, what possible reason, can Blythe have for doing this—save one? He's tired of his connection with burglars and thieves, wants to rest on his oars in safety and security. And to do this he makes a friend at court. He'll secure his own skin by sacrificing ours. Why"—he paused—"why he wants to go into Parliament!"

The shot told. It was an ambition that did not appeal to the knights of that particular round table. Money, women, drink, and dice, they understood; racing, yachting—they loved sport themselves. But to go into Parliament! It was as much of a surprise as if they'd learnt he wished to go into the Church.

"Looks rum," observed Raikes with a half-hearted laugh. "All the same, I don't see why it should help him to sell us."

"You're dense. Stuart has discovered things about Sir Douglas. Maybe he's suspicious as to Brettal's disappearance. If the chief has to choose between our safety and his, who's going to the wall? Blythe will prove his innocence by establishing our guilt. Whose?" He laughed. "Drake's, perhaps," he said significantly. "Drake was in the neighbourhood of Park Lane the night that Brettal—disappeared."

"Why don't you call things by their names, mister?" interrogated Prattles. "Brettal is dead, dead as a red 'erring."

The Semitic gentleman near the door here took a hand. He spoke with a strong German accent.

"We ought this fact to consider, mein frients. Let us to the point keep. Is Sir Douglas the solicitor to shelter from Stebbing? He has Stebbing injured. Why should he not Stebbing pay?"

"That's fair," said Raikes. "I take it we had better send a requisition to the chief and ask him to give us a parley-voo. We'll put it to him straight that it's not the game to play Stuart up against one of us. Also, we'll rub it in that Brettal, being dead——" He paused. Mr. Prattles had grown very white.

"What's up?" asked Raikes.

"For the love of Heaven, friends and genelmen all, *don't*. If you let on I split about Brettal my life's not worth 'alf a pint of beer. He took and gave me the oath not to. If 'e knows"—Prattles glanced round fearfully—"I shall never drink beer no more," he said pathetically.

"What Prattles says is true," said Stebbing quietly. "Blythe is a law to himself. He does what he likes, and laughs at us if we venture to criticise. By what right, I say, does he refuse to let me be revenged on Stuart?"

"We'll send and ask him. Tell him to meet us here to-morrow night." The meeting expressed themselves in sympathy with the suggestion with the exception of Natt, who said nothing. "It's time we had an understanding with the chief. He's putting on side to a considerable extent *Parliament!*" Raikes glanced at the tired cracksman. "I'm blowed," he said.

The citation was duly signed and sent. Blythe read it, laconically observed "Stebbing," and threw it in the fire. A second summons was treated in the same fashion.

The self-elected tribunal waxed indignant. Stebbing added another count to the indictment by accusing Blythe of engineering a campaign against him on the Stock Exchange. The Pratolunga was hanging fire. Before the third meeting a strange thing happened.

Prattles met with a nasty accident. He fell down a trap-door in his own shop that in the most mysterious way had come open.

The tribunal did not like it. They felt shivery. Raikes, who came in late, had also a story to tell. His drink had been drugged the previous night, and on his way home, dizzy and reeling, he had been set upon by roughs, his money stolen, his head battered in.

"It's Blythe," he said with an oath. "I stake my life it's Blythe. He has wind of what we've been saying, and has got his own back on us. Who's the dog that's split?"

No one answered. Each man staked suspicion on his neighbour, ready to strike if his suspicions were returned.

The Semitic gentleman with the German accent judged it time to speak.

"Blythe a scoundrel and a traitor is. He to this place is summoned. He comes not, but in the dark his comrade stabs. Shall we submit, shall we one by one be killed?"

"He's passed the word to the rest of the gang. We might have known he'd hold a counter-demonstration. We must do something." Raikes paused. "I had no money this week," he said.

"Nor I," the chorus swelled.

"It's time to strike," said Colgrave, and, rising, locked the door.

* * * * *

Natt left the meeting, his brain reeling, his soul sick unto death. Rage against Stuart and against Blythe for protecting him had led him to join hands with Stebbing. Headstrong and vain, weak-willed and easily flattered, he had yielded to the Jew's insidious suggestion; and now, now he found himself committed to a sin of treachery black as the pit. He had sat and listened to a plot against the master's life. They had discussed how and by whom he should be murdered. And he had sat supine and unprotesting. Great Scott! If he had the spirit of a mouse he must have leaped up at the Jew's throat and torn it with his hands. He had never meant to betray the chief. He walked across the wind-swept common repeating the words.

"I never meant it. Heaven's my witness, I didn't mean it."

The wind dropped, a fine rain fell on the gorse, wetting him to the skin. He did not feel it, but tramped on and on walking blindly through the night.

Weak, indeed, and vain, he had let himself drift all his life. And now, now—he stopped short, the question thundered in her ears, what was he going to do? If Blythe were to be saved, he must warn him, and thereby draw down on himself the vengeance of his colleagues. If he did not give the warning, Blythe must die. But, and at the thought fear gripped his heart, before the blow fell, he, Natt, might reap the reward of treachery that had been meted out to Prattles.

He was filled with an insensate rage, and struck fiercely at the bushes. It was not his fault; he was not to blame. Nan, with her obstinacy, was responsible. If she had not interfered with him and threatened to expose the chief, he would not have been driven to tell Sir Douglas of her appointment in Stuart's office, or to have intrigued to save her life.

It sickened his soul to think of treachery to Blythe. And yet, coward-like, he shrank from running the penalty of warning him. You cannot make heroes out of highwaymen, nor honourable men of thieves.

He decided on a compromise; Blythe was safe for the present. Stebbing required time in which to set his house in order. Before the blow was struck Natt decided he would speak. Meanwhile, there was another solution of the difficulty. If Stuart, the bone of contention, were removed, Stebbing's enmity to Blythe would be appeased, and his, Natt's, security increased. Stuart out of the way, Nan would be harmless, and Betty Rendle, the little vixen with the silken skirts, brought to her knees.

He returned to his lodgings and thought out his plans. Meanwhile Sir Douglas pursued the even tenour of his way smiling and debonair—the Semitic gentleman with the German accent had furnished him with a full, true, and particular account of the night's proceedings!

CHAPTER THIRTY.

"Hedley, you are Free."

THE fateful step once taken, the alliance with Sir Douglas ratified, Hedley Stuart felt curiously at ease. He permitted himself to enjoy the undoubted fascination the elder man wielded, and resolutely put from him all doubts concerning his sincerity.

His relations with Nan were strained. He was a just man, and strove to look at the revelations concerning the girl's family history with an unbiassed mind. But he found it difficult to forgive her being the sister of a thief.

Love condones all things in the beloved save infidelity; domestic affection has not so elastic a capacity. Nan stood condemned in his eyes. He did not feel justified in breaking off his relations with her; he shrank from making that relationship closer. He strove to preserve towards her a neutral attitude, and, of all things, that is the one calculated to cut a woman to the quick. Had he stormed and upbraided her, she could have borne it, but his silence broke her heart.

She performed her duties in the office to perfection. Quiet, orderly, dexterous, she was the model of a clerk. There had been some discussion at the time of their engagement as to whether she should leave the office. Stuart had felt the anomaly of his sweetheart acting as his typist. Nan, however, had passionately pleaded to remain, and Stuart had consented. How thankful was she that she had carried her point. The one consolation in the midst of her misery at the estrangement was the thought that she was still in daily association with him in his work.

Now she was conscious of the barrier of reserve, a coldness, an estrangement against which her heart beat as a bird against the bars of its cage.

At last she found courage and resolution to put the question as to whether it were not better for him that they should part.

She waited till the business of the day was over, and the clerks had gone home. Then, her pulses throbbing painfully, and with a white set face, she knocked at the door of Hedley's room.

"I want to speak to you, Hedley; I am sorry if you are busy."

"My dear Nan, I am never too busy to see you. Is anything the matter? Has Stebbing been troubling you—or——" he paused. "Is it your brother, Nan?"

"I have not heard of Stebbing or Natt since the night I went to Mrs. Chesney's."

He fidgeted with his papers, waiting for what he felt was coming.

"I want to speak to you about that night. It changed your feelings towards me, Hedley. I don't blame you. There's only one thing could make a man forgive a woman who has a criminal for her brother."

"And that, Nan?" He leant towards her.

"Love," she said simply. "You don't love me, Hedley. You never did. That explains everything."

"If——" he stammered.

She checked him with a smile, a piteous little smile that hurt him more than any bitterness of reproach. "I know," she said gently, "a woman always knows. You had a strong affection for me, a belief in me. And I——" she rose, and with a sudden gesture threw out her hands. "Love for you is my very life," she said, "it's just that."

"My dear Nan, I never doubted it."

"It's yourself you doubt," she answered. "You're not sure if you can trust yourself to believe in me. Hedley, let us face the truth. You no longer want to marry me, to make me your wife. That's all over—the wish died when you learnt about poor Natt."

He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"That's not quite just, Nan. It was a shock, I admit; but——" he shrugged. "My dear girl," he said gently, "don't let us discuss the matter further. Let things be as they were before you met Sir Douglas."

He spoke on the impulse of a generous wish to spare her suffering. He read the pain in the white lips, the tense, strained eyes. The influence she always exerted over him, the atmosphere of serenity she diffused, affected him. Manlike, he shrank from a dissection of his emotions.

"That's impossible," she answered. "You don't feel the same."

"Perhaps not for the moment, but it will come. Trust me, Nan," he reached over and took her hand. "I've been a brute to you of late, but you'll forgive me. It is your *métier* to forgive, my dear."

The tears sprang to her eyes. She longed inexpressibly to yield to his persuasions, and feel again the heaven of his kiss, the clasp of his dear arms.

"When I am with you," she said sadly, "it is difficult for you to tell me the truth. It is difficult for you to speak harshly or unjustly to anyone. But to-night, when I am no longer with you, the old suspicions will come trooping back. Hedley," she cried, and her voice was vibrant with a keen emotion. "Hedley if I must give you up I will do it now—now, while I have the courage. I can't go through the torture of the last few weeks again. I give you back your promise, I absolve you from all pledges. You are free, *free!*"

Stuart breathed quickly, clenching his hands. Brought face to face with a situation he had tried to evade, he felt he was playing a mean and ignoble part. Nan was right when she said that his doubts concerning her would troop back when he was alone. She was no longer what she had been to him—suspicion had dulled her image in his soul. And yet he could not bring himself to accept the freedom that she offered him.

For the first time he realised that her love for him was deep as life itself. What an irony of fate that he should win such love from a woman for whom he felt only quiet affection—a sober regard. She watched his face, her lips twitching, her eyes shrinking from the sentence that she read in his. If he desired it she would go out of his life, she had sworn to dedicate herself body and soul to him. If he asked it she would give life itself, for surely it were death never to see him more!

A man cannot live unto himself. The old longing for a home, a wife and children came back to him. Love and Barbara had passed from him. He must accept the second best. He rose and came to Nan, putting his hand upon her shoulders.

"I'm afraid you can't get rid of me quite so easily," he said softly. "I won't let you go, Nan—now, or ever."

He kissed her gently and held her for a second to his heart. She choked back the cry of delight that sprang to her lips, repressed the tears that tried to overflow. She knew he would not care for such expressions of emotion. Nan was learning a new lesson in the school of love.

He went home with her that night to the studio, and Peggy, seeing things were right with Nan, gave him a gracious greeting. The little artist was looking tired and

(*Continued on page 665.*)

Would you like to know how to tackle a hooligan? Read Marie Studholme's article on ju-jitsu in the April ROYAL MAGAZINE.

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THE HOUSE OF DISHRON. *Continued from page 662.*

jaded. She had finished Judith's portrait and was well satisfied with the result from an artistic point of view. Considered as a commercial proposition it was not so gratifying. Judith had paid her ten pounds on account, protesting that she was too horribly hard up for words!

Peggy had pocketed the money in silence, and the spirit of her pickle packing parent not being in the ascendant, without protest. She was horribly disappointed none the less. She was, financially, very much aground. The quarter's rent was long overdue and she had no prospect of paying it. Her jewellery had gone the way of her watch and chain; of her trinkets nothing remained but Oriental beads and bracelets—good to look at, but of little pecuniary value.

She had hitherto kept all knowledge of her embarrassment from Nan, but to-night she felt she must disclose, part, at least, of her future plans. It was inevitable that the studio should be given up.

"I'm glad you and Hedley are friends again, old girl. Are you going to start housekeeping soon?"

"Not yet; not for a long time."

"I can't say I see the need for procrastination. You know I love to have you with me, don't you, dearie? That I should like you to live here always, but"—Peggy finished—"I'm going to leave the studio," she said. "I've got tired of the place, and that's a fact. Where shall I move? Oh, to Chiswick, or Hammersmith, or some quiet rural spot."

"Peggy," the Puritan's eyes grew bright, "you're deceiving me. You're not tired of the studio—you adore the view of chimney pots from your window, the noise of the streets is music to your ears. There's some reason for the move, Peggy, that you don't want to tell me. What is it?"

"The artistic temperament," said Peggy flippantly. "It accounts for all manner of vagaries, Nan."

"Peggy——" the girl flushed and hesitated. "Peggy, dear, of late I've thought, suspected——" she paused. "Where are your gold bracelets," she cried peremptorily pointing an accusing finger, "and your watch and chain, your turquoise necklace, and all your pretty trinkets? Peggy, you're a fraud. You're hard up, and you've been keeping it from me, letting me eat you out of house and home. Oh, but it's too bad of you, you dear, loving, generous, foolish, unkind creature. You're not to deny it; tell me at once what's happened."

Nan was positively dictatorial. Peggy experienced a relief at being cornered and decided to give her confidence. She perched herself on a table and slowly lit a cigarette.

"I'm broke to the wide, Nan, dear. My pickle packing parent played me false. He invested his money, or rather my money, in a rotten company which went smash."

"How long ago?"

Peggy deliberated.

"As a matter of fact, soon after I knew you."

"Peggy," Nan cried excitedly, "you had the letter to say you'd lost your money the very evening you took me in! I remember watching you, as you sat on the hearthrug, and thinking how pretty you looked as you read your letters. I saw your face change as you opened one."

Peggy nodded, pushing her hair off her forehead with a quick gesture of her pretty hand.

"You're right, my dear, that was the identical epistle."

"And you never said a word, but made me share your home, gave me money, clothes, wine, sympathy, and all the while your pretty head was bothering over ways and means. Oh, Peggy, was there ever such a girl as you. Oh, Peggy," she took the slender figure in her arms and hugged her tight. "You wouldn't take a penny from me; you paid me, actually paid me, for sitting. You deserve to lose your money, you unbusinesslike creature!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Nan. You've saved me pounds and pounds. The economies you've affected have kept me from the workhouse. Seriously, old girl, I couldn't have worried through without you; it's been a tremendous help to have you with me. I shouldn't be in this fix either, but for Judith Chamey. I've been calculating on the money she was to pay for her portrait to put me straight. Imagine, Nan, she had the cheek to offer me ten pounds on account. And I—shade of my father—was fool enough to take it! It's the next few weeks that bother me," she added. "I can't finish Lady Blythe's portrait under a month—she can only give me very occasional sittings—and what I am to do to tide over the time of waiting, I cannot think. Hence my desire for Hammersmith. I owe one quarter's rent already; I can't commence another while that's unpaid."

Nan assumed a businesslike expression.

"Any other debts?" she asked curtly.

"Very few, a tenner would cover everything. My jewellery has carried me along."

"Have you a letter from Sir Douglas Blythe commissioning the portrait?"

"Oh, yes; he's a most businesslike person."

"The letter mentions the sum—two hundred pounds?"

"That's so. Your eyes positively sparkle at the mention of the amount. I fear, Nan, that you are avaricious. Puritans are inclined to be fond of the bawbees, you know."

"My dear Peggy, you're a delightful idiot. There's no need for you to worry or remove. To-morrow you will go to your landlord and show him Blythe's letter. He'll cheerfully wait for the rent on the strength of it. As for current expenses," she caught her friend about the neck, "haven't I three pounds a week, and wouldn't I walk barefoot, if it pleased you!"

Peggy rubbed her curly head against the other's arm.

"What a blessed thing it is to have a business head. What a trump you are, Nan. The occasion calls for burgundy and a Bohemian supper. It's only a quarter to twelve, let's take a cab and go to Wardour Street."

And Nan, the Puritan, for once made no demur.

Blythe was undoubtedly a scoundrel. She was constrained, however, to admit that even scoundrels have their uses.

Life for the next week or so ran placidly for Nan. There was but little love-making between her and Hedley, but the old bond of sympathy and understanding was re-knit. His grave eyes lightened when they rested on her. He found solace in her presence.

In the service of love, however, poor Nan had yet much to endure. One evening, pressure of work kept Hedley late at the office. She remained with him, but at eight o'clock he insisted she should go out and get some food.

Immediately outside the office, she ran up against a square-built, powerful-looking figure in a rough tweed suit.

"*Natt!*" She drew back gasping, a cold hand grasping at her heart.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

"You shall see Stuart."

"What are you doing here?" Nan glanced fearfully over her shoulder in terror lest Hedley should have changed his mind and hurried after her.

"Waiting for you. Can't a man see his sister without her going into hysterics?"

"What do you want?" She hastened on as she spoke.

"Don't be in such a hurry, I've a lot to say to you."

"I can't listen."

"You must. I'm leaving England, and I want to say good-bye."

"Leaving England!" Her heart gave a joyous throb.

"Yes. I've decided to quit the old life."

"Oh, Natt"—she put her hand through his arm—"I am so glad! Natt, what does Sir Douglas Blythe say to your determination?"

Natt stared her in the face.

"Blythe—who's he?"

"Your master—the man who planned the murder of Dorham."

"Ah, now you're talking sense. My master, as you call him, is a very different person to your friend the baronet. Are you still keen on smashing the chief?"

"I'd give five years of my life to do it," she answered.

"Well, I'll help you. The chief's treated me badly; I want to have my own back on him. I'd tell the truth about Dorham if I could save my neck."

"That's what Stebbing said, and then at the last moment he collapsed. Face to face with the man he said he'd nothing against him."

"Well, I don't propose to play such a fool's game as that. My plan's different. Take me to the solicitor chap who employs you and I'll tell him the whole true and particular account of Dorham's death; only make no error, if I do this, I must be kept out of the business."

"I can't decide all in a minute, Natt. I am confused; I want time to consider."

"That's just like you. You beg and pray a chap to turn over a new leaf and throw up his pals, and then when he consents you say you want time to consider."

She succumbed to the reproach.

"Dear Natt, you took me by surprise. You must be patient. I can't quite realise you're going away from me so soon," she clung to him and wept a little. He bore her demonstrations with fortitude, waiting until she had recovered her self control.

"Better? That's right. Now, then, my girl, what's to be done? It's for you to decide, whether I quit England and leave the chief to cut his own throat, or if I shall do the business for him? Yes or no; it's for you to say."

He watched her narrowly, reading with tolerable accuracy her thoughts. He had learnt from Stebbing certain details of the interview at Judith Chamey's, and had come to a correct conclusion concerning Nan's relations with Stuart.

"You shall see Mr. Stuart," she said at last, "if I can arrange an interview. You'd better come to the office to-morrow at eight."

"Too early," was the answer. "I tell you I'm watched by the police. I narrowly escaped being nabbed to-night. Make it nine-thirty to ten, Nan. If the lawyer won't see me, I shall find you, at any rate."

He laughed in a chuckling sort of fashion, as if at some hidden joke. "I must get off now, my girl; there's a bobby eyeing me suspiciously across the road."

He was across the street and down one of the alleys branching off from Holborn.

Nan found the office shut up on her return; she felt relieved at Hedley's absence. She wanted time to consider the best way in which to tell him of her meeting with Natt. The next morning the solicitor did not turn up. It was an anxious time. Pentonville were rising, and it was possible that Stebbing might sell out and thus escape the pit so carefully dugged for his feet. The crisis, Blythe told Stuart, might be expected in three days.

(Another long instalment next week.)

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The special attraction of a work of this nature lies in the fact that some feature or other of it appeals to each member of a family of whatever age or sex. A man may buy it without feeling that he is committing a selfish action.

Many of these wonderful historical incidents—these strange adventures, and world-famous love-stories—are far more thrilling than any invention of the novelists. Boys will revel in the magnificent battle stories, and, instead of wasting their time, be storing up knowledge, which will prove of priceless value in after-life.

These twenty-five volumes may be secured on easy terms. Full particulars will be found in the descriptive booklet, which will be sent gratis and post free on application to *P.W.*, No. 2, the Times (Book Club), 380 Oxford Street, London, W.

The opportunity of acquiring such a work at an extremely moderate price is only rendered possible by the vast organisation of the premier newspaper, and such a chance may never occur again.

Manners make the man, but clothes go a long way towards making the woman. Read "Woman and Dress," by Jean Worth, in the April ROYAL.

THINGS A . . . WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL. . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Beetroot Sandwiches.

Take a good-coloured, nicely-cooked beetroot, and chop it finely. Mix with a little grated cheese, season to taste, and put between slices of bread and butter.

Ale Bitters.

Steep half a pound of gentian root and the same quantity of fresh lemon-peel in two gallons of ale, let it remain for ten or twelve days and then bottle for use. (*Reply to* TOM-TIT.)

A Tasty Morsel.

Carefully scoop out the inside of a large onion, insert a sheep's kidney, season with pepper and salt. Place in a well-buttered dish, invert a second dish over the other to keep in the steam. The juice from the onion will mix with the kidney gravy and results in a delicious sauce. (*Thanks to* WINTERTON.)

French Mustard.

Slice an onion thinly, cover it with vinegar, and put it to soak for twenty-four hours. Strain off the vinegar, and add to it a tablespoonful of salt, the same quantity of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of white pepper, and sufficient mustard flour to thicken. Stir all together over the fire till it comes to the boil and bottle for use. Cork tightly. (*Reply to* PROVINCIAL.)

Wheatmeal Cakes.

Boil half a pint of new milk with a pinch of salt and dissolve in it a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Pour the butter and milk on to sufficient wheatmeal to make a light, soft dough. Roll out a quarter of an inch thick, and cut into small round cakes. Bake in a quick oven for ten minutes. Serve hot with butter and golden syrup.

Ox-tail Stew

Is a very favourite dish, and by no means expensive. Cut the tail into joints and fry with an onion, cut in slices, and season all with pepper and salt. Place the pieces of ox-tail in a stewing jar, dredge with flour, cover with water, and stew very gently for three hours. Place the meat on a hot dish, strain, thicken, and colour the gravy, adding a tablespoonful of ketchup. Stir the gravy while it boils fast for a few minutes, and pour over the meat. Garnish the dish with boiled haricot beans and chopped parsley. (*Reply to* MATER.)

Onion Soup.

After washing three onions and three small potatoes, peel and slice them. Put one ounce of dripping into a large saucepan and directly it is hot throw in the sliced vegetables and cook slowly for five minutes. Pour one quart of weak stock over, bring all to the boil, and cook slowly till the vegetables are perfectly soft. Rub through a colander or sieve. Mix one dessertspoonful of flour smoothly with a little cold water, add to the soup, season with pepper and salt. Simmer the soup for fifteen minutes, constantly stirring.

Fish Mecolle

Is the only recipe that I have at all answering to your description. Take some fried fish, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one dessertspoonful of butter, two or three onions, green chillies (if they can be procured), a piece of ginger, and two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Let these ingredients all stew together for ten to fifteen minutes, then serve. This is an excellent breakfast dish. N.B.—If dry ginger is used let it stand overnight in sufficient water to cover and it will be soft, in the morning the water can be added to the sauce and the ginger cut in thin slices, thrown into the liquor at the last moment to warm through. (*Thanks to* M. A. H.)

Yorkshire Relish

Should be made as follows, but as you want fresh walnuts, with soft shells, you will have to postpone your sauce making for a little while. When once the shells get hard it is difficult to bruise them. Pick the walnuts in dry weather, bruise them thoroughly and scatter salt over; stir daily for three days. Press out all the juice you can, and to every pint of liquor add half a pint of Indian soy, and three pints of good vinegar, one ounce of eschalots, half an ounce of cayenne, and half an ounce of garlic. The dry ingredients should be pounded in a mortar before mixing together. Stir and pour into small bottles for use. Cork tightly, as the sauce will not mature under four months. I am sorry for the delay in sending this.—(*Reply to* HINGLEY.)

WHY CHILDREN GET NERVOUS.

CHILDREN are such little people in such a big world. All their little privileges and pleasures depend so much on the whims of the grown-ups, and not on any basis of right or justice to the child.

Unless the rights of the little people are kept carefully in view by the big people, it is small wonder that they sometimes rebel openly against the authority whose pressure they feel in galling jerks and unreasonable restrictions.

Under such circumstances a child, instead of learning to love and trust its parents, becomes frightened of them. It becomes nervous of doing anything openly, for fear of irritating its mother.

PAST AND PRESENT.

WHEN we reflect how many difficulties which obstructed the path of true love in bygone days have been removed, it is hard at first to reconcile the present lack of marriages with the plentiful number of the past.

The girl of to-day turns green with envy when her great-aunts tell her how many offers her grandmother had. Herein, however, lies the chief reason for denying the fact that the modern girl is really more easy to win than the old-fashioned one.

The modern girl is by far more critical of the modern man than the old-fashioned girl ever presumed to be, and is much less willing to abandon her freedom than was the damsel of the past, whose single idea of success in life appears to have been to make a good marriage, financially and socially.

THE HELPLESS GIRL.

THE helpless woman is the most pre-eminently selfish of all women. And the worst of it is that it is a very hard selfishness to fight against, as she is usually sweet-tempered in her tyranny.

In her home life before marriage she is always the one who gets up last in the morning and shirks work all day long. Tears come easily to her eyes. She knows the power of her babyish, appealing ways, and uses it to the utmost. Her mother or sisters make her clothes, tidy her room, write her notes, make excuses for all her shortcomings, and do their level best to add to her selfishness in every way.

With men she has a wistful, "please-take-care-of-me" air that appeals to their chivalry. If she is plain, they are not easily imposed upon, but if she is pretty they are lost.

To-day, however, men are beginning to realise that the self-reliant girl is not necessarily un-feminine, and that she makes a better friend or wife than the girl who is sweet and helpless.

The helpless woman is a drawback to her husband from start to finish. She fails in all her duties as a helpmate. When he is discouraged she takes her cue from him, and is even more so than he. Instead of cheering him and looking on the bright side, she sinks into despondency, and his main care is, "What will become of this helpless creature who is dependent upon me?"

When things are bright she is better; but even then she is a poor type of womanhood. Sometimes when the self-reliant girl sees how easily her helpless sister goes through life, and how much is done for her, she is moved to envy, and wonders if, after all, it is worth while to be capable. Capability, as long as it is kept in womanly channels, is the very best asset she can have.

The helpless girl is daily growing more and more of a back number, and some time in the near future, when man comes quite to his proper senses, she will be an utterly unknown quantity.

A WORD ON SPRING CLEANING.

OF course you are all interested in spring cleaning. The new Jingles verse announced below should, therefore, appeal to everyone, for it should be most suggestive of good last lines. May we encourage you to enter the competition? Handsome cash prizes are awarded each week, and there is no reason why you should not be successful. Already £2,870 has been distributed, and this amount has been divided by 1,565 competitors.

Below you will find the first five lines of a Jingle. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. The last word of this line should rhyme with the last word of the third line. (See example.) When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to HOME NOTES, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Jingle No. 28" in the top left-hand corner. Closing date, Wednesday, March 25th.

EXAMPLE.

Jack and Jill
Walked up the hill
Until they reached the crown.
Trudged all the way,
Yes, and to say,
Their car had broken down.

The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number must be written in the space provided. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form.

The prizes will be awarded under the conditions published in this week's HOME NOTES, in which paper the result will appear.

ENTRY FORM. JINGLE No. 28.

Mrs. Lean
Loved to spring-clean,
And make the house look neat;
But one fine day
The steps gave way

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Home Notes," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in this week's "Home Notes."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

To Effectually Clean a Dirty Bottle,

Half fill the bottle with slack coal, add just enough water to cover, and shake vigorously. Then empty out and rinse in several waters. (*Thanks to* JENEBURY.)

When Stewing Rhubarb

Add the sugar after it is cooked, but while it is still hot. In this way a smaller quantity of sugar is needed.

Art Muslin Curtains

Should never be washed in warm water. Make a lather with hot water and when it is nearly cold wash the curtains. If these are green, add a little vinegar, if lilac or pink a little ammonia. Salt will set the colour of black and white muslin.

To Test the Heat of Frying Fat

Put in a piece of bread and if it browns while one counts sixty the fat is hot enough for raw materials. If this browns while you count forty it is right for cooked meat or fish. Use plenty of fat and always strain before putting it away. (*Reply to* DRIVER.)

Gilt Picture Frames

May be cleaned by simply sponging them with warm spirits of wine or oil of turpentine, the sponge only to be sufficiently wet to take off dirt and fly marks. The frames should not be wiped, but left to dry in the air. (*Reply to* JOHNSTON.)

A Good Hard Yellow Soap.

Take three pounds of sal soda, ditto lard, and one and a half pounds of stone lime. Dissolve the soda and lime by boiling in two gallons of water. Stir this well, and when settled pour off the water, then return the liquid to the kettle (which should be brass or copper), add the lard, and boil all together till it becomes soap: then pour into a deep dish or mould. When cold cut into bars and dry. (*Reply to* INQUIRER.)

After Many Years — Finds a Food which Cures a Dread Disease.

A man at Jarrow-on-Tyne who suffered for years tells how he found a complete cure in Grape-Nuts Food.

"I had suffered for many years," he writes, "from Chronic Intestinal Catarrh, which under medical advice had been only temporarily relieved by a free use of opiates. My ailment was most stubborn, and absolutely defied medical treatment. Of physical stamina I had practically none, and my condition was truly wretched.

"My system craved for a dietary that would give the greatest nourishment with the least possible waste. In Grape-Nuts I at last found the food I so much needed, and it was by an almost exclusive use of this valuable food for a time that I won my way back to health.

"Grape-Nuts has given me an enjoyment of, and zest in, life that is truly marvellous after so many years of pain and misery. I am indeed grateful for such a quick and perfect restoration. I feel sure that my present condition of good health is as fine a testimony as this town can give to the valuable feeding properties of Grape-Nuts Food."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

No medicinal properties are claimed for Grape-Nuts. It is made from the best wheat and barley; nothing else added except a trifle of common salt. Where Grape-Nuts takes the lead over all other prepared foods is just here. At the factory Grape-Nuts is cooked by special processes (which combine treatment with alternate moist and dry heat) for twenty hours, till the food starch in the grains is converted into an easily-digested and highly-nourishing form of sugar. Grape-Nuts also retains every particle of the valuable phosphates in the grain which go to make nerve and brain. It is just this combination of brain and muscle food in such an easily-digested form that makes Grape-Nuts the most highly energising of all body-building foods.

There's a reason for Grape-Nuts.

The moisture in the air is successfully excluded from the food in the new packets of Grape-Nuts, which are now covered with a special paper, and the food now comes to the user dry, fresh, and crisp as when it comes from the factories. Accept only packets with this cover.

The new Grape-Nuts Biscuits and Wafers are delicious.

Don't miss the pictures of Marie Studholme wrestling with her Japanese instructor in the April ROYAL MAGAZINE

Constipation and Biliousness

REMOVED FREE OF ALL COST!

NO functions are more frequently disturbed than those of digestion. Although not dangerous in themselves, such disturbances nevertheless interfere with the active duties of life and render us less able to resist the various forms of disease, so that their consideration becomes of vast importance. There is nothing more injurious in its effects than undue retention of food in the stomach. The regular use of Kutnow's Powder prevents such disturbances and acts as a safeguard against disease. Kutnow's Powder is a universal remedy for Constipation, Biliousness, and Liver Troubles. We ask you to try its merits free of cost!

AN EFFICIENT REMEDY.

All débris left from imperfectly digested food becomes poisonous and vitiates the blood. Kutnow's Powder entirely removes these poisons from the system.

The symptoms of constipation are frequently exhibited in the appearance of pimples, boils, skin blotches, and other bodily disfigurements.

Nervous headache, despondency, brain-fag, insomnia, and even insanity can frequently be traced to this baneful irregularity.

Kutnow's Powder permanently removes Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, and all stomach troubles.

We invite you to test this remedy without incurring any expense whatever, and judge its merits for yourself.

How to Avoid Fraudulent Substitutes.

The genuine Kutnow's Powder can be had of all conscientious Chemists at 2/9 per bottle, or direct from Kutnow's London Offices for 3/- post-paid in the United Kingdom. See that the fac-simile signature, "S. Kutnow & Co. Ld.," and the registered trade mark, "Hirschen-sprung, or Deer Leap," are on the package and bottle. This is

How to Get Genuine Kutnow's Powder.

MAKES YOU HEALTHY.

H. C. Moffatt, Esq.,

WRITES:

"Boyton Manor, Codford, Wilts, January 17, 1908.

"Thanks for your parcel of 7 bottles of Kutnow's Powder, which I received this morning, and I am much obliged to you for sending it off so promptly. I have used this powder for some years, and find its effects are most beneficial—in fact, I am hardly ever without it. I can fully recommend it as being the best aperient powder I know of, as its action is not violent, while it is invariably the same, and can always be relied on."

SIGN THIS FORM

TO OBTAIN KUTNOW'S POWDER FREE OF CHARGE.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(Pearson's Weekly, 28/3/08.) .....

Send this Form to S. Kutnow & Co. Ltd., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

TIRED MEN When you are tired of taking expensive prescriptions and worry of trying through Bath, write to me and I will send you a book which may be Quickly and Thoroughly cured for SEXUAL DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, EMBARRASSMENT, VARICOCELE, and DRAINS, PERFECTLY FREE from any secret remedies, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of testimonials. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper.

A. J. LEIGH, 26 and 28 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over 30 years' successful results.

£5,000 LIMERICKS NOT IN IT.

No Last Lines. No Postal Orders Required.

Insist on your Baker supplying you with

BERMALINE BREAD

The Finest Brown Bread in the World.

The present is an age of Substitution, Adulteration, and Deception, and of hunting after Cheapness in nearly all commodities.

The system of substitution and adulteration adopted by unscrupulous traders is fraud of the worst description, and we therefore appeal to the public to assist in stamping it out.

The late Lord Brampton's witticisms have been freely quoted of late. Some years ago the proprietors of BERMALINE BREAD instituted proceedings against several firms under the Merchandise Marks Acts to try and stamp out the deception and fraud that was carried on by putting on the market and selling bread in imitation and substitution of BERMALINE under a variety of names, such as Malt Bread, "Our Own Malt," or "Just as good," &c.

During a trial which arose through the above proceedings, and after listening to the defendant's evidence regarding the composition of the materials supplied by a firm to bakers for the making of so-called Malt Bread, Mr. JUSTICE HAWKINS (the late Lord Brampton) remarked that he himself was beginning to feel like an adulterated compound.

Insist on your baker or grocer supplying you with BERMALINE BREAD, and refuse to accept any bread which may be offered in substitution as their "Own Malt" or "Just as good."

The word "BERMALINE" is a guarantee of quality and purity, and to prove it, WE HEREBY offer the SUM OF (£5,000) FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING to any person, either Merchants or Members of the Public, if they can prove that we have ever purchased one ounce of materials for cheapening, adulterating, or mixing with the materials supplied by us to bakers for the making of the "BERMALINE BREAD."

BERMALINE BREAD restores the lost digestive powers of the Worried Man of the World. BERMALINE BREAD is a great Nerve and Brain restorer, and if you are wise, send your POSTAL ORDERS to your BAKER, ask for a supply of BERMALINE BREAD, and refuse to accept any other bread offered in substitution.

MONTGOMERIE & CO., Ltd., PARTICK, GLASGOW.

WHO WANTS VALUE FOR HARD CASH? 20% DIS. Will write to-day a postcard for my 200 Book of THE JUNO

POST FROM £7/6 net. Unsurpassing and lowest prices of every known reliable make. Type & Accessory. JUNOS are MANY PER CENT. BETTER IN QUALITY and LOWER IN PRICE than any other Cycle. Best Tyres supplied fitted complete. 20 per cent. Disc. Accessories 25% off monthly. Carriage paid. GUARANTEED FOR EVER. Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd., F.W. Dept., 26, 28 Bermondsey St., Vernon, London, S.E.

£100 PRIZE

FOR WRITING A LETTER

The WORLD'S WORK for MARCH of all Bookstalls.

HER EYES!

WHAT eyes?
WHOSE eyes?
"HER eyes."

This charming new presentation picture by E. Randell, NOW READY, reproduced in colours, 15 in. by 17 in., will be sent free for 50 Outside wrappers from blocks or band labels from tins taken from W. G. Nixey's goods. (If ½d. wrappers sent, 100 required). Commence saving wrappers. Former presentation pictures, 'Julia,' 'Delena,' will be out of print in March. Next picture ready Sept., '08

W. G. Nixey, 12, Soho Square, London, W.

NIXEY'S BLACK LEAD

DEFINED

In 1d., 2d., 4d., 1s. Sizes.

NIXELENE STOVE PASTE

HEADACHE Cured in Ten Minutes

Use Kapsulina cured in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so we will send you two free sample doses of Kapsulina by return post. Write to C. P. KAPSULINE, Kapsulina Works, Wakefield.

Kapsulina is sold by Chemists and Stores Everywhere. Packets of 12 doses 1s. Samples, 1d.

A PAPER PATTERN of this PRETTY CAMISOLE is GIVEN FREE with this Week's

WOMAN'S LIFE

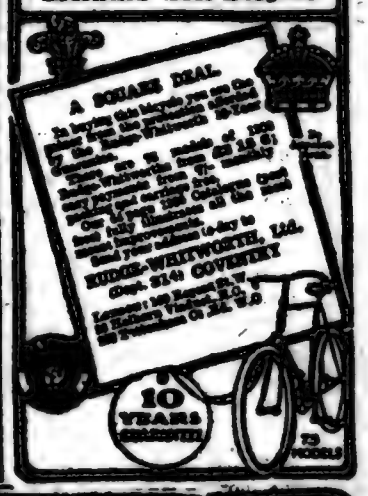
which also contains an EIGHT PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

Get it for the above and for the Illustrated Article on the Newest Spring Costumes, etc., etc.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE MONDAY, MARCH 23.

ONE PENNY.

Rudge-Whitworth
Britain's Best Bicycle



WHAT IS THIS PROVERB?

£120

TO BE GIVEN AWAY IN CASH PRIZES AS BELOW.

IT NEED NOT COST YOU ONE PENNY.

£100 Cash Distribution
Prizes, £10 Gold Extra
Prizes, £5 Gold 2nd

Extra Prize, £5 to be divided into 10 Prizes of 10s. each Gold.

Being determined to spare no effort in introducing our Thermo-Silver pots into every home in the Kingdom, and to further the sales of the same, we have decided to GIVE AWAY £100 of the profits from the sale of these beautiful articles during the coming 6 months to the persons who send us the correct answers to the above Proverb Puzzle, BESIDES £20 in Gold in the same way for extra prizes to encourage competitors to talk about it by inducing their friends and acquaintances to become our customers. Competitors who send us £10 in gold to the last successful solver of this puzzle, and an EXTRA PRIZE OF £5 in Gold to the next best successful, and 10 PRIZES of 10s. gold each to the nearest successful in the same way. SEND IN YOUR ANSWER and we will notify you at once if correct, and then the only condition required is for you to induce one of your friends or acquaintances to send us £5 within ten days for three beautiful pieces of our Thermo-Silver ware which they will gladly do because they will agree with us that they are a great bargain. This simple condition is all that is required, of you to be eligible to enter this competition, and claim your prize as soon as it closes. The distribution of the prizes will be payable to the others on receipt of our offer of 5/- time between five and twenty days after the competition closes, which will be duly advertised in April. All prizes will be awarded by the winners in as fair and just a manner as possible, and in the event of equality each prize will be distributed pro rata without partiality. No employees of this Company will be allowed to compete in this contest. Do not be too late. Try to-day (postcard will do). You have a chance to win a valuable prize.

THERMO-SILVER CO. (Dept. 114), 12 FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

ONE MORE LOOK BEFORE CLOSING

The Orange Romance.

Some weeks ago I referred on this page to an interesting little romance, arising out of an article in *P.W.* dealing with orange-growing. It was stated in this article that the prosperity of a considerable portion of the fruit-growing districts of the United States was due to a couple of orange trees, which were imported into the Los Angeles district from Brazil. After this article appeared, I received a letter from a Mr. O. Gilman, telling me that, in 1876, he forwarded these trees to Mr. J. E. Hollenbeck, with whom he had formerly been in partnership, and of whom he had lost sight for many years. I have just heard from a gentleman in Los Angeles that Mr. Hollenbeck passed away at his country home in 1885. In his memory Mrs. Hollenbeck, who is still alive, has erected the Hollenbeck home for the aged, which is accomplishing a noble and much-needed work.

Unexpected Embraces.

I am always ready to help any reader out of a difficulty, if I can, and J. M. S. shall be no exception to the rule. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that his dilemma is not an easy one to solve. "How can one free oneself," he inquires, "when suddenly gripped round the body and hugged bear-fashion? Apparently, a man—even a fairly strong one—would have but little chance if some powerful hooligan seized him in this fashion. It would be interesting to hear how a professional wrestler would proceed in such circumstances."——As far as I can see, J. M. S., it all depends where the embrace takes place. If it were in Piccadilly Circus, for instance, I should advise you to crawl out into the middle of the road and lie down. Your assailant, being on top, it is obvious that he would be compelled to release you, and get up directly the first motor-'bus came along. If, on the other hand, this distressing experience took place in a lonely country road, your best plan would be to fall backwards against the hedge, and impale him on a thorn. In a suburb or small country town where there are neither motor-'buses nor hedges, you would be compelled to resort to hypnotism. Before proceeding to any of these courses, however, be careful to ascertain that the attack is an unfriendly one. The gentleman behind might, perhaps, be your long-lost brother, and you would never forgive yourself if you were to find too late that you had misinterpreted his fraternal affection. From what I have seen of the professional wrestler, I should think that he would probably go down upon all fours, and, having panted and perspired freely for a couple of hours without any further development, proclaim himself to be the world's champion in the catch-me-round-the-waist style.

"Tell it to the Marines."

Lochleven wonders why the marines should be supposed to be capable of swallowing any particularly incredible story. "Are they really a specially gullible class?" he asks, "or if not, how is it that they have gained their reputation?"——The explanation, like that of many other apparently insoluble problems, is quite a simple one, Lochleven. When marines first went on board ships they were naturally quite ignorant of nautical phraseology, and the sailors, with that rich and breezy humour commonly associated with Jack Tar, derived considerable amusement from informing them that the anchor was used as a grappling iron, and that there was always considerable risk of sharks climbing in through the port-holes. Owing to the innocent manner in which the guileless marines accepted these statements, "tell it to the marines" became a popular retort whenever a peculiarly flagrant piece of fiction was brought forward. I once heard a different theory advanced by a retired petty officer, of whom I inquired the origin of the saying. "Well," he replied, "you take a 'jolly' into a pub, and ask him to drink as much as he likes, and you'll soon learn that there's nothing he can't swallow!" This libel, however, I believe was invented on the spot by the ancient mariner in question. Empty bottles are sometimes spoken of as "marines," for the reason that in former days naval men looked down on their semi-military colleagues as useless on board a ship. There is rather a good story in connection with this. A marine officer was once dining at a mess-table, when the Duke of York said to the man in waiting: "Here! take away these marines." The officer indignantly demanded an explanation, whereupon the Duke replied: "You see, they have done their duty, and are prepared to do it again." Neat! wasn't it?

Should You Feel Slack.

The recent query propounded by J. E. M. regarding his feelings of spring lassitude, in reply to which I recommended a new style of physical culture, appear to have done a great deal of good. It is because so many people appear to have been interested in this wonderfully successful system of bedroom drill that I am mentioning the matter again. At this time of the year we seem to want bucking up more than at any other, and one is tempted to fly to drugs and medicine, where the sharp and regular exercise of certain muscles would give all the stimulation that is required. The principal of the Physical Culture College, 28 Maiden Lane, London, W.C., still holds out his offer to supply full particulars of his system and its advantages free to young men readers of *P.W.* who will apply to him.

What Should He Do?

T. H. F. is in a quandary. There is really no other word sufficiently dignified to do justice to the grave difficulty in which he finds himself enmeshed. As a constant reader of *Pearson's Weekly* for the past six years, he implores my advice. Listen! "I have kept company with a young lady," he writes, "for nearly three years. She was very fond of me; in fact, she would have done anything for me. But now she has told me, without any reason, that she doesn't want me for a while, that she still loves me, and always will, but that she wants to flirt. Am I right in thinking that someone has used their influence with her, or do you think that she has taken the notion herself. I don't know what to do. Perhaps you can see a way out of the difficulty."——Alas! T. H. F., my acquaintance with love problems has for so long been a thing of the past, that I fear my advice would be worthless. I will do the best that I can for you, however. Doubtless amongst the many readers of this page there are some who have made a profound study of Cupid's pranks, and I will invite them to settle the matter for you. I herewith offer twenty-five safety razors for the twenty-five best replies to T. H. F.'s problem. They must not exceed a hundred words in length, and must be written clearly on one side of the paper. Envelopes must be marked "Cupid" in the top left-hand corner, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta St., London, W.C., and posted to reach this office not later than March 31st.

Fact or Fiction?

I have received the following letter, which, as the young man said in proposing the health of the fair sex, "speaks for itself." As to which of the two headings above would correctly describe it, I will leave it to my readers to decide.——"I work at one of the mines in the county of Durham. My male chum with whom I work at the pit plays full-back for our local football team. Naturally, being comrades, I follow him at the matches as a spectator. At a home match, a few weeks ago, he was fouled, and laid out by one of the visiting forwards. The game was suspended for a time, and other pals and I rushed to his side. When he came round, I asked him if he felt queer. 'Not a word,' said he, 'help me to my feet,' and he manfully played at his post till the whistle went for time. 'Tom,' said he, when I met him coming out of the dressing-room, 'help me home.' I did so, and, on arriving at his house, he fainted. Being a certificated ambulance member, I examined him, and found that he had a broken and a fractured rib. When he recovered from his faint, I said, 'George, I am going for a doctor. Keep as still as you can.' 'No,' he said, 'I want no doctor. I will be all right on Monday. Don't say a word to anybody—promise me that, Tom.' Being pals, I promised him, but sadly against my conscience. 'Call for me to go to the pit, as usual, at three on Monday morning,' said George; 'but, mind, not a word to anybody.' 'Mum's the word,' said I, wondering what in the world my old pal was driving at. Knowing that he would not be in a fit condition for work for a few weeks, I called on Monday more to please him than anything else. To my surprise, he was dressed in his mining clothes ready for work. Filled with astonishment, I said, 'Are you fit for work already?' He said, 'Mum's the word. Help me to the pit.' After many rests, I got him there, and we descended in the cage to our work. Getting into our seam (we work two in a batch), he said, as he laid himself down, 'Put a beam on top of me and shout for help.' I did so, and, on assistance arriving, we slowly conveyed him to the pit-mouth and home again. I went to see him on Saturday afternoon. The colliery owners' official arrived to bring him his compensation money, £1 18s. 6d., for the fortnight, and so on, until such time as the doctor said he was fit for work again. When he departed, I said, 'Do you feel any better, George?' 'Not much,' said he; 'I doubt but I will be laid up for months.' My eyes met those of my mate, but neither spoke another word."—A Miner!——Comment, as I started by saying, would be superfluous.

Bright to the Last.

J. R. McD. has discovered a new and picturesque use for old numbers of *P.W.*, which has the additional advantage of giving them a really brilliant funeral. "After one's copy has served all its various purposes from delighting the intellect to wrapping up a pound of fish," she writes, "it may be utilised in the following manner: Soak it in hot or cold water, until the paper becomes a soft pulp, and then squeeze it into a hard ball. If you place this ball on a bright fire, the wet paper will burn slowly in a glowing red mass, just like peat, and will throw out a great deal of heat."——Thank you for the hint, J. R. McD. I have several times fallen back on the pages of *P.W.* in place of sticks. Tightly twisted and screwed up, they will light a fire just as well as wood, but your idea of cremating the paper wholesale is a magnificent one. You may have heard how the old viking, when he felt death approaching, had himself placed on board a vessel soaked in oil and piled up with inflammable materials. A light was then applied to the ship, and, lying on the deck clad in his armour, and with his favourite possessions about him, the old warrior drifted out to sea, chanting his last war-song. I feel that it is far more fitting that *P.W.* should meet with a similarly picturesque ending, instead of blowing about the street, or breathing its last in a dust-bin.

Does the Drama Elevate?

That is what Nemo is anxious to find out. "I had an argument with a friend the other evening," he says, "concerning the amount of education to be derived from plays. I put forward the opinion that, in many cases, going to the theatre does not improve the speech or educate one at all. My friend, on the other hand, maintained that people who see a lot of plays always speak better, and are more highly educated than those who don't. Would you kindly tell me who is right?"——Although I am a great admirer of the dramatic art, Nemo, I must agree with you that your friend's enthusiasm has run away with him. According to his contention, the average stage-hand would be better educated and speak purer English than the average bishop. Now, I have not a very extensive acquaintance either amongst bishops or stage-hands, but from the few specimens of each which I happen to have come across, I can assure your friend that he is mistaken. No doubt, a man may learn a good deal by going to the most intellectual plays, and also improve his method of speaking by studying the finest elocutionists. On the other hand, I do not think he will derive much intellectual stimulant from watching Miss Flossie Frivol in her celebrated melody, "Rooti-Tooti-Too," or in witnessing the thrilling knife fight between Detective Catchem and Bill the Burglar in that celebrated drama, *The Biggest Blackguard Breathing*. I do not say that he will necessarily receive any harm from these masterpieces, but I cannot regard them as serious contributions to the higher education.

A "No. 1" THAT'S NEW.

. . . Edited by . . .
LIEUT.-GEN. BADEN-POWELL.
FOR ALL BOYS and YOUNG MEN of TO-DAY.
ON NEW LINES and NEW METHODS.
1p WEEKLY.
THE SCOUT
1p WEEKLY.
STIRRING STORIES and STIRRING PICTURES
SPECIAL ARTICLES by LIEUT.-GEN. BADEN-POWELL.
(THE HERO OF MAFEKING)

No. 1 READY APRIL 14.

Printed by Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used

MR. P. DOUBLEYOU GIVES UP SMOKING

He tries Sweets, Orange Peel, Chewing Gum, and Discovers a Certain Cure for the Habit.

In all prose over the article which appeared in *P.W.*, "Is Cigarette Smoking Injurious?" I was busily engaged propounding my opinions on the subject to the editor, and I clinched a piece of masterly logic by stating that every man must know for himself whether smoking is injurious or not, so the remedy lies with himself. If he finds that smoking does harm to his constitution, he should give it up.

"That is very easily said," remarked the editor.

"And very easily done," I replied. "It simply requires the exertion of a little will-power, and the man who cannot muster up enough will-power to do that must have the backbone of a jelly-fish."

"You think so?" he remarked. "Well! suppose you try for a week. Give up smoking, and write an account of your experiences."

Now, the editor has given me several remarkably awkward subjects to tackle, but I really thought this was about the softest job I ever had to take in hand. Not only was it easy, but I should save money.

I went to my room, took pencil and paper, and began to reckon what I should save. I found out that if all the cigarettes I smoked in a year were placed end on end they could touch the cross at the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. If they were placed on one pan of an accurate, gigantic pair of scales they would exactly balance an equal quantity placed in the other pan.

SUCKING AN UNLIGHTED PIPE.

If all the cigars I smoke in a year were to be rolled into one big cigar, it would be so enormous that it would take a suburban train half an hour to carry it three miles.

I also calculated that, if I saved the money that I spent upon smoking, and placed it in a bank at compound interest, it would amount to three times the combined wealth of Rockefeller and the editor, if the money accumulated in the bank long enough.

While absorbed in these calculations I mechanically pulled out my pipe, and began to replenish it. Then I remembered that I must not consume any tobacco. I tried the old game of trying to fit in the editor's words as I wished them to be. I began to reason to myself that if I smoked cigarettes that would get over the editor's ban, as I should not be smoking tobacco. Then I remembered that his words were, "I had to give up smoking," so I found no way out of the difficulty.

It is surprising what a keen desire I had to smoke. In fact, I felt that I could not get through my work unless I had some sort of a smoke in my mouth. I tried to get over the difficulty by having a dry smoke; that is, by sucking away at the unlighted pipe. But I found that this soon palled, and was a very tame substitute. As the day wore on the desire became greater and greater.

MERELY WILL POWER.

At night my friends suggested all sorts of substitutes for smoking, especially the keenest smokers. Though all had methods by which it was perfectly easy to kill the desire for smoking, none of them had tried these remedies. Still, they all spoke very highly of them.

One said that it was the easiest thing in the world if I only tried the "auto-suggestion" cure. I was told that it was an unfailing cure, and all that was necessary was that I should say just before going to sleep, "I no longer care for cigarettes."

I asked this friend if he had tried it; he very grudgingly admitted he hadn't, but added, "I don't want to give up smoking. I want to smoke. If I wished to give up smoking I could do so quite easily. I know this, but I don't wish to give up an enjoyable habit. Non-smokers are usually unsociable, faddy sort of creatures, and are everlastingly picking holes in other people. I am a smoker, and rejoice in it."

Well, I tried the cure by hypnotical suggestion. I told myself that I didn't want my next smoke, that smoking was injurious, and that I didn't want to smoke at all. I said to myself over and over again that I hated smoking.

I am afraid that if I had gone on till Doomsday I could not have convinced myself that I was not telling stories, as little girls say. The only result of this cure was that I began to regard myself as a hypocrite.

In addition to the great craving I had to smoke, I began to feel very strange amongst my fellows. Certainly, I did not feel so sociable; I could not exchange the pleasant little courtesy of offering cigarettes. When there came a lull in the conversation I could not take a tug at my pipe, and I began to feel all hands—awkward and uncouth.

Next day the craving was worse. There seemed something missing out of my life. I went to the office, and tried to do my work properly, but when I had to tackle a difficult subject I felt as though I should never begin; mechanically, I pulled out my cigarette case time after time, only to put it back with a groan.

With all the resignation which I could muster, I settled down to my work, and got through the day somehow. It was particularly terrible after lunch, as the meal did not seem half-digested without the usual little whiff, and when I went home at night everything seemed cheerless.

The next never-failing remedy was the use of sweets. I was told that acid drops would relieve me from the thraldom of smoking, so I tried them. I had acid drops all over me in such profusion that my pockets were stuck together, and my hands were in a horrible state of stickiness.

About this time I saw that my friends began to fight shy of me. They evidently thought there was something seriously wrong with a full-grown man who was always in a state of sticky acidity. I stuck to acid drops for a day, but found they had not much effect, so I tried other sweets.

One recommendation was the use of liquorice root in thin, wafer-like slices. I did not give this remedy a long trial, as I found that it was playing havoc with my health, far worse than ever smoking did.

So next I tried the use of Pomfret cakes. I found these more pleasant than the other "cures," but they did not do much towards killing the craving, while they were setting up a habit of their own. In fact, I began to spend a little fortune in sweets.

ORANGE PEEL AND OAK LEAVES.

I tried peppermint, but not for long, as my life became a misery to me by the jeers and cruel remarks of my associates. Chewing gum was pretty nearly as effective as anything I have tried in this line, but it left me with such an empty feeling in my stomach and made my mouth so dry.

I was told that a cure which had never failed was the use of camomiles. I bought a pound of these bitter things, and filled my cigarette case. When the craving came on, I took one of the dried flowers out of the case, and put it into my mouth. I was supposed to let it stop there, but I never succeeded in keeping it in my mouth for more than forty-seven seconds.

I have tried drinking lime-juice and orange-bitters when the craze became strong, and I have chewed half the substances of the vegetable world, from orris root to dried orange peel, and from oak leaves to tea leaves.

I have tried all the patent mouth-washes and others, such as nitrate of silver, and a charming little drink which is not much known in the West End, ammoniated quinine and Condy. For those epicures who long for something beyond the usual cocktails and American corpse-revivers, I can recommend ammoniated quinine and Condy as an exhilarating novelty.

The crowning agony was when I carried into effect a recommendation to use a dilute disinfectant. With this I was to rinse out my mouth every time I had the craving. This cure caused me more perturbation of spirit than any remedy I tried. They told me at the office that they could smell me two hours before I came, and four hours after I had left.

A BRIGHT FUTURE.

Yesterday, the day I tried the remedy, I cleared out five streets in seven successive minutes. As a result, I felt an almost overmastering desire to smoke in order to kill the vile aroma, of which I was the centre; but this really was a cure, as my mouth was so tender and raw in places, that I was unable to eat or drink, much less smoke.

To-morrow the week will be ended, and I shall be free to do as I wish. With impaired digestion, a ruined temper, and a soiled conscience, I shall resume smoking, if my sensitive mucous membrane will admit. I cannot say that I have such a keen desire to smoke, while I am beginning to think that smoking is a vile, loathsome habit, and that a man is better off, financially and hygienically, who does not smoke.

I am convinced of all this, and I am convinced that I could very easily kill the desire; any man can stop smoking if he wishes. I know that I could; but, like my friend, I don't wish to stop smoking. Give up smoking, indeed, why, it is the easiest thing in the world to a man of strong will-power and determination; a man like myself.

For less gifted persons, I can recommend the administration of prussic acid, in half ounce doses, as an unfailing cure. I am told that assertive mothers-in-law are also very effective in putting a stop to the nicotine habit.

"SOME novelists don't know what they're talking about. Here's one who speaks of a girl's 'raven hair.'"

"What's wrong with it?"

"All wrong. Ravens don't wear hair; they wear feathers!"

"DAD," inquired Freddy, "what is a 'figure of speech'?"

"Where's your mother?" asked "dad" cautiously.

"She's downstairs," answered the boy.

"Well, then," began "dad," "a figure of speech, my son, is a woman!"

"HAIR DRILL."

1,000,000 Persons to Prove that "Hair Drill" Grows Healthy Hair.

Cures Dry, Brittle, Lustreless, Scurfy, Greasy, Thin, or Patchy Hair, Stops Hair Falling Out or Losing Colour.

A WEEK'S FREE TEST.

Have you ever heard of "hair drill"?—No.

Well, every hair of your head is a little soldier. The duty it shares with its more or less numerous fellows is that of maintaining the temperature of your brain at normal. Without a well-trained head of hair your brain must become too hot in summer and too cold in winter, and you have headaches when the sun shines, and colds in the head when the sun doesn't shine.

This is considering the subject of your hair quite apart from the aspect of mere appearance, important as this is in itself.

You may have regarded that "thinning," or that "drying," or that "losing colour," or that rapidly-spreading "bald patch" as the relentless and unavoidable sign of your advancing years, unavoidable, perhaps, because your father or grandfather was bald, or because of some fancied constitutional peculiarity of your own.

Not a bit of any one of these favourite fallacies need stand in the way of your desire for hair improvement. The only thing that can stand in the way would be your own neglect to drill your hair. What, for instance, would become of the British Navy if it were "neglected"? It is just the same with your hair.

ARE YOU WILLING TO TRY?

"How can you drill your hair?"

Well, are you willing to try? Are you willing to test the drilling of your hair for one week, if it entails no more expense than the trivial amount of 3d.?

"Yes," you say.

All right. Now will you just note what the drill will prove.

One of the Methods employed in "Drilling" the hair.

WHAT THE DRILL WILL PROVE!

Even if your hair is in what you believe to be good condition try one week's drill all the same, and your hair will take on added qualities of beauty.

In any case, the trial cannot fail to be deeply interesting to you.

The week's test will produce results that will open your eyes to the possibilities of proper hair drill.

The trial, short as it is, will yet show you:

That your hair can be drilled into fine condition.

That your hair need not be too brittle or too limp.

That your hair need not be too lustreless or too shiny.

That it need not be too highly coloured or too colourless.

That it need not fall out when brushed or combed.

That it certainly need not be scurfy, greasy, or odorous.

The one week's trial, for which the enterprising proprietors of the famous preparation Edwards' "Harlene" are willing to send a sufficient supply to every PEARSON'S WEEKLY reader who sends three penny stamps to cover cost of postage, will not be speculative in the slightest degree. The special free bottle of "Harlene" placed at your disposal for the purpose of the test is used by most of those members of Royalty and society who are noted for beautiful hair.

The opportunity has been set forth for you. The only question now is: Will you make this opportunity your opportunity of testing a very simple, yet, nevertheless, to you, important and valuable experiment, at no expense?

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be had from Chemists and Stores throughout the world at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or sent post free on receipt of postal order.

A strong word of caution should be given against taking internal remedies which will ruin your constitution, and cheap, worthless remedies, which will ruin your hair.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To WEEK'S TEST DEPT., EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please forward me, as per your offer mentioned in article above, the special free bottle of "Harlene" necessary for one week's practical trial of this preparation as a "hair drill." I enclose three penny stamps to cover postage (to any part of the world). If called for no charge is made.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Pearson's Weekly, March 28/03.

Read Marie Stadheime's Ju-jitsu article in the April ROYAL, and you won't be afraid to give the cook notice.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Jonah Woman

Relating how Disaster Followed Her Voyage.

By VERNON RALSTON.

Turner's signs and signs of luck, said the old captain, most of 'em signs of bad luck when you come to think of it. There's folks who say it's unlucky to have a parson as passenger—that's nonsense. I'd no trouble through 'em, except their squabbling about who'll read the service on Sundays, and making me do it myself. Why, on my record passage to Calcutta, we'd thirteen missionaries aboard; you'd have thought that would have brought bad luck if anything would.

But I'm not denying that there are Jonahs. One of the worst voyages I had, there was a passenger arrested as he stepped ashore at Calcutta. You'll remember the Tedford Square poisoning case; well, he was hung for that. Never did I understand the ill-luck we had that trip till I saw the police nab him.

But worse than a Jonah man, is a Jonah woman. I never had one aboard but once, and a fool I was to take her, for I knew it. If I'd only had pluck enough to follow my own judgment and not been afraid of what my owners might say, she'd never have set foot aboard ship of mine.

It was when I was in command of the old *Hercules*—fastest boat on the London, Cape, and Calcutta service she was then, though people would laugh at her fifteen knots nowadays. Well, we were in dock being overhauled between voyages, when I was told that the head of the firm wanted to see me on important business. I went up at once to their office, and there old Mr. Rimmer was sitting with a lady.

"This is the captain of the *Hercules*," said old Rimmer; "Captain Holden—the Honourable Mrs. Anson. Now, Captain, I want you to take Mrs. Anson to the *Hercules* and let her choose the best deck-cabin. Mr. Anson is unfortunately an invalid, and has been ordered a long voyage for the benefit of his health. Do everything in your power, Captain, to make Mr. and Mrs. Anson comfortable."

Now, just then Mrs. Anson turned and looked me straight in the face. She was a thundering pretty woman, with her coal black hair and a pink and white complexion, but, nevertheless, I didn't like the look of her. Somehow she made me feel uncomfortable. There was a hard, cruel look in her eye that gave me the shivers. It came over me at once that she'd bring no luck aboard.

"Well, Mr. Rimmer," I said, "I don't know that the *Hercules* is really the best ship for an invalid. Now, the *Athens*, sailing a fortnight later, rolls far less."

"Stuff and nonsense," said old Rimmer sharply; "the cabins on the *Athens* aren't half the size. Mr. Anson must have a big cabin. The *Hercules* is a long way our best vessel. Now take Mrs. Anson aboard and see that she and her husband are really well looked after."

I couldn't say anything more, so I took Mrs. Anson down to the ship and showed her our accommodation. At the time it struck me that she was thinking far more of her own comfort than of her invalid husband's. She put twenty questions about things which concerned her, to one she asked about things that mattered to him. And all the time she was sort of making eyes at me. Not that she was taken with me at all—I could read her well enough for that—but she was the kind of woman who must flirt with the nearest available man.

When our passengers came aboard a week later, I was shocked to see Mr. Anson. He was far gone in consumption, and didn't look to me as if he would last more than a day or two. His wife came with him, but that was all you could say in her favour. His servant had to see about settling the poor chap in his cabin. She was too busy trying to get to know from the purser what military men were likely to be passengers that trip.

We had a fair crowd of passengers that time. The usual lot of military men and civil servants returning from furlough, a few commercial people, two or three girls travelling out under my care to their parents at Calcutta, and a missionary or so.

Our bad luck began almost at once. We'd an engine break down in the Downs, and it took a couple of days to put it right. Then we'd fog right down the Channel, and it only cleared after we'd rounded Ushant. I'd been praying for it to clear, yet when it did clear I was sorry. We just seemed to run into one patch of bad weather after another. Never had I such a passage through the Bay of Biscay. The first officer and myself were worn out with our day and night work on the bridge. I hadn't time to see how Mr. Anson was going on; but the doctor told me that, what with his disease and sea-sickness, he was on the verge of death all the time.

My first officer said to me one night on deck, "We've had luck this voyage, sir."

I answered sharply, "What do you expect when we've a Jonah woman and a passenger who's half a corpse aboard."

The words slipped out, and I saw that the man at the wheel heard them. Still, I thought that the stupid shellback would take no notice.

All this time the Jonah woman was as well as possible. Every other woman on board, except a stewardess or so, was knocked over by sea-sickness, but she never missed a meal. It wasn't often during the first week of the voyage that I could contrive to take any of my meals in the saloon with the passengers. But, on the few occasions I was there, I always found Mrs. Anson grinning and smirking at the men.

However, at last our luck turned, and we had some decent weather. I'd time to think of something else besides the ship's course. Directly I could give an eye to the passengers I found that Mrs. Anson was flirting hard with at least three men aboard.

There was Captain Pierce, of the Indian Guides; a fellow named Pratt, who was a deputy collector somewhere in Bengal; and an indigo planter named Graham. They were fetching and carrying for her all day long, walking up and down the deck with her in the evenings, and, for aught I knew, kissing and cuddling her in corners.

Now, it's hard for a ship's captain to interfere in social matters. If people kept the rules of the ship I could do nothing except show that I was disgusted. It made me sick to think of that poor fellow coughing his life away in his cabin, whilst his wife was amusing herself by making three men jealous of one another.

Anyhow, every day I used to call in and try and cheer up poor Anson a bit. Well, one evening I dropped in to chat with him as usual and found Stevens, the ship's doctor, there. The poor fellow was coughing horribly and Stevens was doing his best to help him get his breath between the fits. Suddenly there came one worse fit than usual, and, before I could quite understand what was happening, Anson died.

Stevens turned to me: "He's gone—I told Mrs. Anson yesterday that I apprehended a crisis."

I forgot the dead man.

"Then why the dickens isn't she here?" I shouted.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Will you break the news to her, Captain?"

"I will," I said, and strode right away to where the passengers were sitting under the awning on the deck.

As I came up I heard Mrs. Anson's voice. She was talking to the circle of men around her about a fancy dress ball that they intended to hold aboard. "Of course, as I'm a decided brunette, I shall have to go as 'Night.'" Then she saw me listening, and said, "That will suit me, won't it, Captain?"

I said gruffly: "There'll be no fancy dress ball aboard this ship, madam."

"How cruel of you, Captain. What's your reason? Are you such a Puritan that you disapprove of dancing?"

"There are lots of things I disapprove of, madam; but my real reason is that your husband is lying dead in his cabin."

She was taken by surprise and could not quite control herself for half a second. Like a flash a sort of joyful look passed across her face. The next second she was sobbing with her face in her handkerchief, and crying, "Oh, my poor George, take me to him."

I didn't offer my services, as Pratt and Graham rushed forward to escort the heart-broken widow. I walked away disgusted with the lot of them. Even in the presence of death they could hardly conceal their rivalry.

A minute later I heard someone call me. I looked round and saw that it was Captain Pierce.

"What do you want?" I said, not in too polite a tone.

"Captain," he said, "did she know that her husband was dying?"

"The doctor told her so, yesterday."

He gave a kind of gesture of horror and then said, "I'd no idea the poor fellow was so ill, or——" he paused for a little.

"Or you wouldn't have carried on so with his wife," I added.

"That is so. I did wrong, and I'm confoundedly sorry for it. Did you see her face when you told her? She couldn't hide her joy just at the first."

"There's nothing to prevent you marrying her now," I said.

"Marry her—after what I saw?"

"Well, you're well rid of her, then. I wish the ship was as well rid of this Jonah woman."

"Why do you call her that?"

"Because there'll be no luck for this ship or anyone in it till she is out of it."

Well, Captain Pierce kept his word. When I'd read the service over poor Anson and we'd dropped him overboard, other men might go and sympathise with the handsome widow, but Captain Pierce kept away. She was making eyes at him all the time she was spooning with Graham and Pratt; but he took no notice of her and only spoke when civility absolutely compelled him.

I hated the Jonah woman more and more as the voyage went on. I could fairly feel my teeth grit as she went past me. All her complimentary references to "our good Captain" were thrown away on me.

What is more, I noticed that the men kept away from her too. All the seamen gave her a wide berth, and I guessed that one of them had been talking, and that they'd got my idea about the Jonah woman.

Well, we'd rounded the Cape and were making a fair voyage of it, when one day the chief engineer came to me and reported that one of his boilers was leaking. It would take at least a day to put it right, he said. It had to be done, so I reluctantly told him to draw his fires. Happily the weather was dead calm; so it did not matter that we could not get steerage way on the vessel.

The passengers seemed aggravated to find the ship lying like a log for a day. The tedium of the voyage seemed to grow on them now that we were not moving at all. I hate to see a set of discontented passengers, and told my first officer to do anything in his power to amuse them on that roasting day. It was just an hour before sunset that he came to me. "Some of the men have been asking me, sir, if they could have a tarpaulin hung from the side of the ship for them to bathe in."

"Have a boat handy," I said, "to see that none of the fools slip off and drown themselves. Otherwise they can't come to any harm in this dead calm."

I went down to my cabin and was writing up my log. I could hear the passengers splashing and skylarking alongside; I was thinking as I wrote that perhaps they'd be less fidgety the next day, when suddenly I heard an awful shriek and a rush of feet to the side of the deck.

Like a flash I jumped up the companion stairs.

I saw Captain Pierce in the boat safely, but the tarpaulin was all bedabbled with blood.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"Sharks," came the answer, "two of them—they rushed the tarpaulin suddenly and seized Pratt and Graham."

I saw two tracks of blood on the surface of the water.

"Lower another boat," I shouted, "and you in that boat follow one of those tracks. Perhaps the brutes will come to the surface with their prey."

We rowed about for an hour, but could find no trace of the missing men. Then reluctantly I gave the order to return to the ship.

As the men bent to their oars, I heard one of them murmur to another, "That's two she's got besides her husband."

"What's that?" I cried.

The man looked frightened, and then blurted out, "the Jonah woman, sir."

"Don't talk infernal nonsense about the passengers," I said. "The first man I hear say a word about it I'll clap in irons for the rest of the voyage."

I hoped that I had checked the talk; but from the significant way in which the sailors looked at one another, I feared that the idea was firmly settled in their minds. I went to see Captain Pierce directly I got on board. He was a brave man—his army record proved that—but he was shivering with fear.

"Not hurt?" I asked.

"No," he said, "the brute's nose just grazed my leg." Then he added significantly, "I'm luckier than Pratt or Graham."

* * * * *

From that time forward the Jonah woman was left almost alone—the whisperings of the crew had reached the passengers. She walked to and fro and made eyes at all the men in her usual way, but people fought very shy of her. As for the sailors, they'd rather have forfeited their pay for the voyage than let even her shadow pass over them.

I scarcely left the deck for the remainder of that voyage. I tell you navigation is no joke with a woman like that aboard. However, somehow we managed to make headway, and at last we knew that the next day we should be in the Hooghly. All at once a thick, tropical mist swept down on us from the Sunderbunds. We couldn't see half a ship's length ahead. There wasn't a star visible. I was on the bridge as nervous as a cat, trying with my night-glass to see what was ahead. The engines were going dead slow, and we were just groping our way forward. Then all at once I heard a steamer's siren ahead; a minute later there came another whistle from our port side; then some vessel to starboard burnt a flare. It seemed to me as if all the ships in the sea were blundering round that night. Our siren was going every half-minute, we'd all hands on deck on the look-out—yet in that clammy mist I never felt sure for a minute that we wouldn't have something aboard us.

All at once we heard the sound of a screw; before we could make out where it came from, a steamer passed right athwart our bows, missing us not by six feet. There came a great shouting from the men on deck, an answering shout from the vessel that had so nearly sunk us and we were left alone in the fog. Then I heard a hoarse voice cry, "We're done, all of us—that Jonah woman'll sink us to-night."

"Throw her overboard," shouted someone else and I heard the scurry of feet.

I leapt from the bridge, for you don't know what shell-backs will do when they are half wild with fear.

"Get to the bridge," I called to the first officer as I hurried towards the deck-cabins. I pulled out my revolver as I ran and reached the cabin-door just in time.

I had scarcely got there when a mob of half-mad sailors rushed up: "Throw her over!" they cried.

"Get back," I shouted; "I'll shoot the first man that stirs."

They would not have kept back—I saw that in their faces. But just then there came a great crash. In the fog a steamer had struck us right amidships. Its jib-boom swept away our bulwarks and crashed into the deck-cabins. I heard the other Captain shout to reverse his engines, and slowly the ship drew away from us.

Then as I turned to look at the shattered deck-cabin, I saw the Jonah woman—or, rather, what was once the Jonah woman. The heavy boom had struck her on the head, and—well, she wasn't a pleasant object to look at. Directly the men saw that she was dead they set up a cheer.

Would you believe it that five minutes afterwards the mist swept away like a dream, and we'd the quickest run I'd ever known up the Hooghly. The collision hadn't even started a plate on board my ship. Bar a few yards of smashed bulwark and the wrecked deck-cabins there was no harm done that a few pots of paint wouldn't put right. Our luck turned the minute the Jonah woman was dead.

You may call it superstition if you like—landsmen know a sight more about seafaring than sailors. But if ever you'd been a voyage with a Jonah woman, you'd pray Heaven that you'd never have another.

"WHAT is the old saying about a fool and his money?"

"Ah, yes. A fool and his money are soon discovered."

The police would never get the Suffragettes to prison if the latter had read Marie Studholme's article in the April ROYAL MAGAZINE.

A Seasonable Article for Amateur Horticulturalists.

Arches are the making of many a garden. Those constructed of rustic wood are the best and most artistic, and the amateur who has the material and ingenuity should easily construct his own arches. The arch "A," depicted here was constructed by an amateur from pieces of oak. "B" is a pretty arch to go round a window or door, and "C" is more suitable to a pathway. Rambler roses are undoubtedly the best subjects for an arch, but ivy, honeysuckle, wisteria, and other creepers are not to be despised.

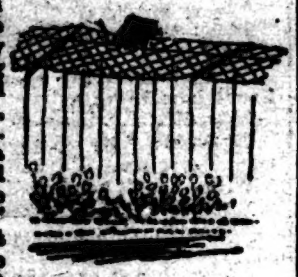
A

B

C

Borders play a very important part in the make-up of the garden, whether large or small, and the amateur should aim for strong mass effects. Mix up plants of a sort as little as possible, but grow them in rows or clumps. Do not have early flowering plants all at one end and the late flowering varieties at the other. Aim at some colour scheme in arranging your borders to get contrasts rather than rainbow effect.

Cats are capital animals in their place—which is certainly not the garden. Shot guns and terriers being too drastic as measures against these pests, the amateur will find a certain remedy in wire netting. First of all, stop up all holes in your fence, and make all entrances to the garden cat-proof. Then, with wide mesh wire, which is very cheap, make an edging round the top of your wall or fence, not parallel to it, but almost at right angles. In other words, make a shelf of wire netting round your garden. It will not be unsightly, and as it "gives" and offers no foothold it will form an impassable barrier to the domestic feline. The netting can easily be secured with wire to pieces of iron or wood fastened at regular intervals to wall or fence.

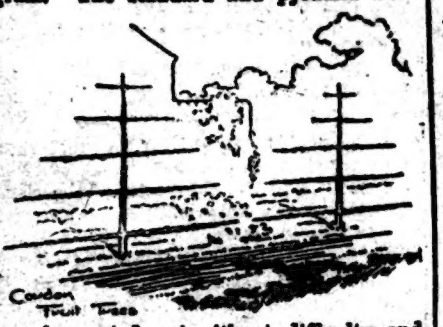

Cat-proof Fence.

Digging is an art and has its good and bad styles. The right style is to stand up squarely to the work, with the left foot on the left shoulder of the spade or fork. The right hand, palm downwards, grasps the handle of the tool; the left hand, thumb forward, grips the centre of the haft. Press down the spade or fork to its full extent, raise the soil and turn it completely over. To dig with a bad style means loss of power and waste of energy. So many amateurs will do all the work in their garden excepting the digging. If once they acquired a free style as described above, they would have no inclination to shirk the healthful task.

Edgings have much to do with the general effect in the garden. Live edgings are no doubt the smartest and they may be planted now. Box edgings are the best in the long run but are slow growing, and grass edgings are almost more trouble than they are worth. A capital edging may be made by taking cuttings of euonymus and sticking them in round the edge of the beds. They will speedily take root. Tile edgings are artificial in appearance and cost not less than sixpence a yard. Stone edgings are pretty but difficult to acquire, and their drawback is that they encourage weeds. The newest form of edging, however, is the Cordon fruit tree. Single Cordon trees are required and they should be planted some eight or nine feet apart. A wire, fastened to wooden stakes driven into the ground, should now be fixed round the garden path a foot and a half above the ground and the trees secured to it. Apples are perhaps the best subjects to choose and you can well imagine the beauty of such an edging in September, with the fruit suspended amid the foliage.

Garden Tree Edging.

Fruit Trees in the villa garden should be grown on the espalier or Cordon system as depicted in the accompanying diagram. The standard and pyramid trees occupy too much space and throw too great a shadow and trees grown in this new way carry proportionately more and larger fruit. Moreover, the trees are easily reached, insects can be routed out without difficulty, and fruit picking is simplified.


Cordon Fruit Trees

Gardens, particularly those of modern houses, are frequently inflicted with one or more aggressive manholes. As these must upon occasions be opened for inspection they cannot be hidden by anything of an immovable nature. A capital way of covering these garden eyesores so that the most vigilant sanitary inspector could not complain is to make a species of window box. First get a box the exact size of the manhole. It should be fairly deep and at each corner of its base should have a square block of wood nailed to act as a foot. The edges of the box should now be covered with virgin cork so that it falls to the ground level; fir cones or pieces of rustic wood would serve precisely the same purpose. If a few holes be now bored in the base of the box and some good soil placed in it (over a layer of crocks for drainage) the manhole will be effectually hidden and space provided for a display of flowers.

Cover for Manhole

Hedging plays an important part in the garden. Many a bleak exposed garden can be improved in value by the introduction of hedges to break the force of the wind. Privet hedges are perhaps the quickest growers and yew the slowest.

Insect pests are strongly in evidence in the badly cultivated garden. Wireworm will infest ground long out of use, and the green fly attack an uncared for rose. Well grown plants and well tilled land ward off many pests. To go into details, green fly should be attacked with the syringe and soapy water; snails and slugs are best caught in the evening by hand, particularly after rain; caterpillars can only be caught by hand.

Just now, when originality counts for so much, the following idea for a basket bed may be acceptable. Assuming that you have a small circular or oval shaped bed, get some good strong plants of ground ivy. They may be purchased very cheaply at a nursery, or grubbed up in the woods or hedgerow. Pinch out the leaders not wanted, and plant the ivies round the edge of your bed to form a fringe, pegging down the shoots securely with wooden pegs or long hair pins. At the middle of your bed on each side preserve two strong leaders. These you may train over pieces of cane, wire, or bent hedge stakes in the form of a handle.

Basket Bed

Kniffofias, otherwise tritomas, the torch lily, the flame flower, red hot pokers, are plants worthy of greater use. There are many varieties, but the largest, *caulescens*, throws a spike some six feet high, tipped with scarlet.

Loganberries will thrive anywhere and no garden should be without these canes. The fruit is large and something between mulberry, raspberry, and blackberry. Canes may be planted now.

Mice are often troublesome in the garden, particularly during the sowing season. A simple but effective trap is made by smearing a little grease round the edge of an ordinary jam pot and sinking it flush with the ground where the pests are likely to do damage. The jar should be half filled with water.

Nothing is more annoying than to have one's young seedlings devoured by birds just as they appear through the soil. A capital scare for the kitchen garden is constructed by taking a piece of curved wood, sticking it into the ground, and suspending from it a potato in which several feathers have been stuck. The continual motion will scare birds. A novel guard for peas may be made in the following manner: Construct pieces of wood semi-circular at the top and pointed at the heel. Into the circular edge put tacks, to which black cotton may be fixed and carried from end to end of the row.

Odd corners are often neglected and prove an eyesore in an otherwise well kept garden. An excellent plan is to bank up the corner with good soil and plant a background of evergreens—laurel, privet, euonymus, etc.

Peas (sweet) will make splendid clumps in the herbaceous border. They should be sown in a circle, and when they have shown up and been thinned, twiggy sticks may be arranged for them to grow on, as shown in our diagram. The sticks are kept in shape by bands of bast tied at intervals and black cotton may be wound round and round the base to keep birds off the young plants.

Sweet Pea Clumps in a Border

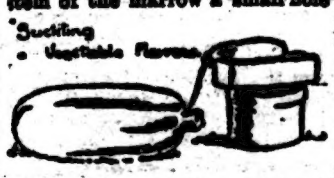
Rockeries in small gardens can be easily made with odd stones and half bricks from the builder's yard. Build up with a mixture composed of one part Portland cement to two parts of rough sand.

Strawberries grown in tubs form an attractive ornament to any garden, and invariably come into bearing early. The present is an excellent time to purchase and bed in strawberry plants, and the following idea will be found highly satisfactory by the amateur with a small garden. First, obtain a sound cask, say, one of nine gallon capacity or more. It is proposed to fill this with soil, pierce it with holes, and in these holes, as well as in the top, to grow strawberries. The holes should be three inches in diameter, and should not be so close together that they weaken the tub. Now place in the bottom of the cask a layer of brick rubble for drainage, and place your barrel in a sunny position in the garden. The barrel may now be filled with some good rich garden soil, and a plant placed in each hole and some in the top.

Strawberries in a Cask

Tubs here and there containing bright flowers give finish to the garden and brighten an odd corner.

Vegetable marrows for show purposes, harvest thanksgivings, and so on are often "suckled." At the stem of the marrow a small hole is made, into which is passed a piece of thick twisted worsted. This worsted should be connected with a bottle containing water, which should be kept constantly fresh. The bottle ought to be on rather a higher plane than the marrow, so that the water may fall downwards through the worsted.


"Suckling" a Vegetable Marrow

Watercress is always acceptable. Get an old garden frame, say, 8ft. by 4ft., and place it in a fairly shady position, yet where it can get some sun. Lay in at the base of the frame rough brick rubble to a depth of four inches. Over this lay some refuse from the stable and tread it well down. Then put in a layer from an old-established manure stack about nine inches deep and sift over this some four inches of good, garden soil. At the end of March ask your greengrocer to get you one shillingsworth of good, strong, well-rooted watercress plants. Plant these in rows six inches apart, with six inches between each plant in the row. Well water after planting and keep shaded. Protect from frost during April.

Don't miss the pictures of Marie Studholme wrestling with her Japanese instructor in the April ROYAL MAGAZINE.

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

EXCITING TIMES.

"WE get everything here that is worth seeing," said a villager to a visitor from town. "Why, last week we had the champion brass band here, the week before the greatest cornet player in the country, and this week we are going to have a great production of the drama *Lewis, the Cross-Eye*. I tell you, that is going to be tip-top."

"What did you say was the name of the play?" asked the visitor.

"Here, have a look for yourself," said the proud villager, as he pulled out a grubby, much-folded programme announcing a "grand production of *Louis the XI.*"

"HIST!" exclaimed the villain in a new play. "Are we alone?"

"Not quite," said a voice from the solitary occupant of the pit; "I'm here."

THE MAID: "I hear that you received an offer of marriage the other day?"

Cicely: "Yes; from a man who wrote that 'his love far out-distanced his income.'"

The Maid: "How poetic! What was his name?"

Cicely: "I didn't think to look at the signature."

A FAMOUS physician was asked out for some shooting; but, though he tried several times, he could not hit a single rabbit.

"It's awful," he exclaimed; "I've killed nothing all day."

"Never mind," said his host; "write the rabbits one of your prescriptions."

WASTED TIME.

AN Epsom gentleman who is devoted to the "Sport of Kings" brought a Scotch friend, who was visiting him, to see the races. As the Scotchman had never before seen a horse-race, everything connected therewith was a source of great wonder and interest to him; and especially absorbing did he find the betting ring.

The friend explained to him the process of laying a wager, finally inducing the Scotchman to place a bet of a sovereign at odds of 10 to 1.

He won.

When he received his winnings, which his friend had collected for him, he gazed earnestly at the money in his hand, and asked, "Is this all mine?"

"Yes," replied the friend.

"You mean to tell me I get £10 for £1?"

"You do."

The Scotchman glanced about him nervously before speaking again. Finally, lowering his voice to a most confidential pitch, he said:

"Tell me, how long has this been goin' on?"

WIFE: "What do you think of Bridget's cooking?"

Husband: "I think if she tried to boil water, she'd burn it."

"Now, John," said an irate wife to her husband, "I thought you said you had been duck shooting."

"Yes, dear—been duck shooting."

"But these you've brought home are tame ducks."

"Yes, dear; I tamed 'em after I shot 'em!"

"YES, sir," said the man with the frayed collar, "that land is now worth £20 a foot, and only a year ago I could have bought it for a mere song."

"But you couldn't sing?" chuckled the funny man.

The man with the frayed collar eyed him distantly, and replied in quick, cutting tones: "I could sing, but I couldn't get the right notes."

CUT HIMSELF.

A YOUNG man about twenty-five years old was sitting in one of the third-class waiting rooms of a London railway terminus, with a baby on his knee, and his helplessness in pacifying the howling child attracted the attention of passers-by. Presently an elderly man walked up with a smile of pity, and queried

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her luggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"And you expect her back, I suppose?"

"I think she'll come back."

"Well, this makes me laugh. A woman played the same trick on me once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you've been had; you've been taken for a country greenhorn, and been sold! Better give the baby over to a policeman, and make a move before some reporter gets at you."

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man, as he looked anxiously round.

"She will, eh? Joke grows richer and richer. What makes you think she'll come?"

"Because she's my wife, and this is our first baby."

"Oh—h'm, I see," muttered the old man, whose hilarity suddenly evaporated, and when he also discovered that he'd lost his train, he kicked a dog that had been left unguarded on the platform.

THE GIRL'S IDEA.

A CERTAIN enthusiastic young lady had been taken for the first time in her life to see a football match. She knew nothing about the game.

"They're a poor team, aren't they?" she remarked to her brother, referring to the home eleven.

"Oh, dear no," he replied. "They're considered to be a very clever lot."

"That isn't what I mean," explained the lady. "They're not rich?"

"Certainly not," was the reply. "The players are mostly working men, and they don't get the support they deserve. As a matter of fact, the club's in debt."

The young lady was silent for a moment. Then she returned to the attack with:

"I should like to see a wealthy team play."

"Why?"

"Well," she replied, "every man would have a football of his own, I suppose."

"YES," said Meekley, "I'm told that we're going to move to Swamphurst."

"But," said the old doctor, "the climate there may disagree with your wife."

"It wouldn't dare!"

"No," said Miss Passay, "I don't like the photos Kamrer made for me. They make me look like a woman of forty."

"Well," replied Miss Pepprey, "you should have told him not to touch them up if you didn't want them to look so youthful."

A FLYING VISIT.

Employer: "Did you tell Mr. Boreham who called that I had gone to America?"

New Office Boy: "Yes, sir; I told him you had started this morning."

"Good. What did he say?"

"He wished to know when you'd return, sir, and I told him I did not think you would be back until after lunch."

"Do you take exercise after your bath in the morning?" asked Perkins.

Jerkins: "Yes; I generally step on the soap as I get out."

PASSENGER (after unusually long stoppage at small Border station): "I say, guard, why aren't we going on? Anything wrong?"

Guard (complacently engaged upon an *al fresco* lunch): "There's naething wrong, sir; but I canna whistle the noo; ma mouth's fu' o' biscuit!"

COMPULSORY PLUCK.

THE colonel of a crack cavalry regiment was impressed with the efficiency of a certain volunteer infantry division during some recent manœuvres, and in order to test their courage suggested to their leader that they should face a charge made by his men.

The officer in command consented, and drew his men up in the required position to face the ordeal.

Hitherto, the courage of the foot regiment had remained unquestioned; but when they saw the cavalry thundering down upon them and almost on top of them, they turned and fled in a most disorderly manner, save one man, who remained steadfast on bended knee and with fixed bayonet.

By a dexterous movement the cavalry charge was brought to a termination within a foot or so of the hero, and their commander, approaching the valiant one, said:

"Bravo! You are the bravest man in the regiment, and worth all the rest of them put together. But tell me—why didn't you fly with the others?"

"So I should have done," said the hero, "but my foot got stuck in a hole."

LEADING UP TO IT.

YOUNG HOPEFUL: "Papa, it worries me awful to think how much trouble I give mamma."

Papa: "She hasn't complained."

"No, she's very patient. But she often sends me to the stores for things, and the stores are a good way off, and I know she gets cross waitin', when she's in a hurry."

"Not often, I fancy."

"Oh, she's 'most always in a hurry. She gets everything all ready for baking, an' finds at the last minute she hasn't any yeast; or she gets a puddin' all mixed, and finds she hasn't any nutmeg or something; an' then she's in an awful stew, 'cause the oven is all ready, and may be company comin'; and I can't run a very long distance, you know, and I feel awful sorry for poor mamma."

"Humph! Well, what can we do about it?"

"I was thinkin' you might get me a bicycle."

"WHAT is the most aggravating thing in married life?" asked Dorothy.

"Sometimes," said the bachelor friend, "it's the husband, and sometimes it's the wife."

"FINE feathers," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "do not make fine birds."

"No," rejoined the father of seven grown daughters, "but they make fine fortunes for milliners."

A MEDDLESOME woman riding in a tramcar began sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her baby, and said: "I declare a woman ought never to have a baby until she knows how to hold it."

"Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

MAKING IT PLAIN.

HENRI was paying his first visit to London, and was already wishing himself home in gay Paree, for he knew not a word of English. He had been very unfortunate, and had lost all his luggage, a toothbrush; so he determined to buy another, but how was he to make his needs understood?

At last his luck turned, however, and he espied a chemist's shop with a notice outside: "Ici on parle Français." In he went, and told the assistant in French what he wanted But that assistant knew no language except Metropolitan, and another who came to help him was just as far at sea.

But the proprietor was an intelligent man, and he knew at once, from the cut of the customer's clothes, that he was speaking French.

"Leave him to me," he said with a superior smile.

Then, forming a megaphone with his hands, he shouted in the Frenchman's ear:

"Our assistant who speaks French is out at lunch. You'll have to wait!"

HUSBAND: "My colleague is the most insatiable man I ever saw. He wants everything he sees."

Wife: "Can't you introduce our daughter to him?"

"DOROTHY always begins a novel in the middle."

"What's that for?"

"Why, then she has two problems to be excited over—how the story will end, and how it will begin."

"OLD man, you seem worried."

"Worried is no name for it. Brown is coming round at four o'clock to pay me £3."

"Think he may not come?"

"Oh, he'll come all right; but Jones is due at 4.15 to try to collect £2 I owe him. Suppose he should get here just as I was being paid by Brown."

THAT SETTLED HIM.

A BROWN-EYED, blonde young woman had charmed with her large fortune a young man of the impoverished swell type. He found it difficult to win her, for which purpose he had been exerting all his powers. At last a happy thought struck him.

"I have never told you," he said to her one evening, "that long before I saw you Fate had directed me to you."

"Indeed," she responded, so sincerely, that his heart beat faster, and her face blushed at the compliment.

"Yes, and it came about in a remarkable way. Just for fun one day I consulted an astrologer, and she told me that I would never care for any woman until I had met one who was then only a schoolgirl, a beautiful, golden-haired creature, with wonderful brown eyes. I laughed at the prophecy, but I found that the words of the seer were true, for I never cared for any woman until I saw you."

Then he stopped, embarrassed and palpitating, thinking she would fall in his arms.

"Are you sure your astrological friend spoke of a golden-haired schoolgirl?" she asked.

"How could I ever forget?" he responded.

"You couldn't possibly," she twittered; "only when I was a schoolgirl I wasn't golden-haired. I've been using blondine for the last year, don't you know."

And then a heavy weight seemed to fall on him as he staggered away.

In her ju-jitsu article in the April ROYAL, Ma ows how a five-foot woman can beat a six-foot man.

LIST OF 325 RECIPIENTS OF £1 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

To publish the full name and address of each competitor would occupy too much space. We therefore print only the name and initials of each person, together with the name of the town. Should any reader wish to know the full address of any one recipient, it will be sent on receipt of a halfpenny stamp.

(Continued from page One.)

A

Airdrie, E. W., New [illegible]
Aitken, H., Treen, [illegible]
Alford, Mrs., [illegible]
Allison, T., Manchester.
Angel, Mrs. A., [illegible]
Annand, R. T., [illegible]
[illegible], P., Bromley, [illegible]
Atkinson, Mrs., [illegible]
Austin, T. W., [illegible]

B

Bagot, J., Droylsden, [illegible]
Bailey, W. A., Salisbury.
Baines, F. S., Crosby, L'pool.
Baker, F., Exeter.
Barber, O. A., Plymouth.
Barnard, Q.M.-Sgt., [illegible]
Barradell, Mrs., Leicester.
Bateman, Miss A., [illegible]
Beale, Miss I., Stockwell, S.W.
Beasley, G., Cannon St., [illegible]
Beaton, A. O., Wood Green, N.
Belcher, J. W., Oxford.
Bell, R. D., South [illegible]
Bell, T., Folkestone.
Bennett, J., Newhaven.
Beresford, W. R., Stratford-on-Avon.
Bevan, T., Mountain Ash.
Bigg, Miss, Berkhamsted.
Billiards, T. E., Frog [illegible]
Blade, H., Bradford.
Booker, G. H., Sheffield.
Bourke, W., Dublin.
Brain, J. H., Regent's Pk., N.W.
Brand, O. G., Bury St. Edmunds.
Braund, W. E., Bristol.
Bridges, W., Beckenham.
Bright, W., Stoke-on-Trent.
Britten, Miss J., Glasgow.
Bromwich, A., Shrewsbury.
Brookes, F. A., Walsall.
Brown, C. W., Horsham, [illegible]
Brown, J., Ellington, [illegible]
Bruce, A. G., Glasgow.
Burl, W. J. A., Notting Hill, W.
Burnside, E. B., Ealing, W.
Butler, Mrs. H., [illegible]
Button, R. R., Brigg.
Byrde, C. H., St. Leonards-on-S.

C

Cannon, M. C., Aberdeen.
Capon, W., Gt. Yarmouth.
[illegible]

D

[illegible]

E

[illegible]

F

[illegible]

G

[illegible]

H

[illegible]

J

[illegible], W., Ryde, I.W.
[illegible], J., [illegible]
Jervis, J., Ashbourne, Derbys.
Jenkins, C., Bridgend, S. Wales.
[illegible], W., Cardiff.
[illegible], J., Rusholme, M'ter.
[illegible], E., New Southgate, N.
Jones, [illegible], Wrexham.
Julian, C., Plymouth.

K

[illegible], B. S., Barrow-in-Furness.
[illegible], H., Ilford, E.
Kendall, F. J., Dorchester.
[illegible], B., Croydon, S.E.
[illegible], Manor Pk., E.
[illegible], Heaton, Newcastle.
King, [illegible], Ipswich.
King, [illegible], Nottingham.
[illegible], E.

L

[illegible], H., Dorchester.
[illegible], E. Putney, S.W.
[illegible], Horsham Road.
[illegible], Newbury, Berks.
[illegible], J., Aughton.
[illegible], J., Sparkhill, B'ham.
[illegible], Crewe, Cheshire.
[illegible], Crouch End, N.
[illegible], Hampstead.
[illegible], Aberdeen, N.B.
[illegible], Melling.
[illegible], Birmingham.
[illegible], Broughton Pk., M'ter.
[illegible]
[illegible], Dublin.
[illegible], Balham Hill, S.W.
[illegible], Glasgow.
[illegible]

M

McClelland, Miss A., Belfast.
McCormack, J., Glasgow.
McCulloch, [illegible], Hartley, [illegible]
McCutcheon, [illegible]
MacDonald, C., Inverness.
[illegible], A., Kelvinside, Gl'w.
[illegible], A. E., [illegible], N.B.
[illegible], J., Aberdeen, N.B.
[illegible], Gl'w.
[illegible], Dundee, N.B.
[illegible], Clifton.
[illegible], G., Lowestoft.
Marshall, F., Pall Mall.
Marshall, Mrs., Littlehampton.
Martin, [illegible], Bishopston, Br'l.
Martin, [illegible], Southampton.
[illegible], Miss, Marden.
Mathias, A., Middlesbrough.
Maunder, G. H., Wavertree, L'l.
[illegible], J. S., Lr. Broughton, M'ter.
Mayall, J., Southampton.
Mayes, A., W. Bromwich.
[illegible], Herne Hill, S.E.
Melling, Miss [illegible], B'head.
Miller, J. H., Whiteinch, Gl'w.
[illegible], G., Exeter.
Moberley, [illegible], Southampton.
Moir, J. M., [illegible]
Montague-Perkin, S., Houghton Regis.
Moon, Mrs., West Bridgford.
Mortimer, [illegible]
Moyes, A., [illegible]
[illegible]
Murray, [illegible], Finchley.

N

Nash, A., Liverpool.
[illegible], W. E., Tulse Hill.
[illegible], Helensburgh, N.B.
Newick, H., Wadhurst.
[illegible], Miss J., [illegible], N.B.
Nixon, W., Ashbourne, Derby.
[illegible], A., Perth, [illegible]
[illegible], H., Penarth Dock.

O

Osborne, J., Ashbourne.
Owen, J. D., [illegible]

P

Page, Mrs. M., [illegible]
Palmer, Capt. W. H., Willerton.
Parry, Mrs., Ynishir.
[illegible], W., Barnes, S.W.
Paterson, Mrs. A., Glasgow.
[illegible], A. W., Cardiff.
[illegible], Ilford.
[illegible]
Pemberton, H. [illegible], Hackney, N.E.
[illegible]
Perry, W. H., Victoria Embankment.
[illegible], W. A., Harrogate.
Pitcher, G., Thetford.
Porter, Corpl. C. H., Weymouth.
Powell, J. T., Chiswick, W.
Pratt, E. J., Lewisham.
Price, R., Old Colwyn.
[illegible], G. M., Preston.

Q

Quick, E. C., Plumstead.

R

[illegible], L., Manchester.
[illegible], Mrs. C., Longford.
Richardson, W. J., Liverpool.
[illegible], G., Glasgow.
Roberts, C., Hornsey, N.
Robertson, E. J., Southfields, S.W.
Robertson, Mrs., Croydon, S.E.
Robertson, Mrs., Portree.
[illegible], J., Belfast.
Rowden, C. F., Bedale.
Rowe, E. H., Plumstead, S.E.
Rudman, F. E., Radcliffe.
[illegible], J. S., Harpole.
[illegible], J. A. F., King's Lynn.

S

St. Evans, Miss G., Clifton, Br'l.
[illegible], Miss E., Gt. Yarmouth.
Savory, A., Burley.
Sawyer, E. F., Hanwell.
Selby, W., Soho, W.
[illegible], A. W., Lincoln.
Sheppard, A., Plaistow, E.
[illegible], Mrs., Gt. Longstone.
Silvester, J., Wembley, N.W.
Sinclair, Matlock Bath.
[illegible], Miss M., Crewkerne.
[illegible], E., Kingston.
Smith, A. R., Bandon.
Smith, H., Wood Green, N.
Smith, Mrs., Upton Park, E.
Smith, Miss, Herne Bay.
Smith, R., Russell Sq., W.C.
Smith, W. D., Wandsworth Com.
[illegible], Miss, Norwich.
[illegible], W., Carnarvon.
[illegible], Mrs., Southwark Bdge. Rd.
[illegible], North Walsham.
[illegible], Durham.
[illegible], Edinburgh.
[illegible]
[illegible], A., Newcastle.
[illegible], Barnstaple.
Swayne, G., Farnham, Surrey.

T

Tallboy, Miss E., Islington.
Tanner, E., Upton Park, E.
Tarling, A., Deal, Kent.
Thomas, Mrs., Brislington, Br'l.
Thomas, G., Birmingham.
Thomson, W. E., Moffat, N.B.
Tims, G. H., Belfast.
[illegible], A. C., Plymouth.
Trewin, Miss [illegible], Eastbourne.
Triscott, Lt.-Col., Southsea.
Trythall, W., Bournemouth.
Turner, Miss A., Ferndale.

V

Vardy, W. H. A., Basford.
Vincent, C., Spennymoor.
Vivian, W. W., Cotham, Bristol.

W

Waddington, S., Bradford.
Walker, A. W., Whitstable.
Walker, J. M., Coatbridge.
Walker, R. H., Edinburgh.
Walker, W., Folkestone.
Watkins, G., Llandrindod Wells.
[illegible], Miss, New Cross, S.E.
[illegible], J., [illegible], Glasgow.
[illegible], A. E., Ryde, I.W.
Wells, W., Dowanhill, Gl'w.
Weston, W., Leicester.
White, E., Sheffield.
White, W., Stroud, Glos.
Whitehead, F. N., Morecambe.
[illegible], E., Grays, Essex.
Wickstead, G. H., Gosport.
Wight, G., Dalkeith.
Willis, F. G., Leytonstone, E.
Wilkinson, Mrs. L., Plymouth.
Wilmot, J., Birmingham.
Wilson, A., Lower Edmonton, N.
Wilson, J. M., Handsworth, B'ham.
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Good Friday ... April 17.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Mar. 26 ... 7.9
Easter Monday ... April 20.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 27 ... 7.10
Whitsun Monday ... June 8.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 28 ... 7.12
Bank Holiday ... August 3.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 29 ... 7.14
Christmas Day ... December 25.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 30 ... 7.15
Boxing Day ... December 26.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 31 ... 7.17
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